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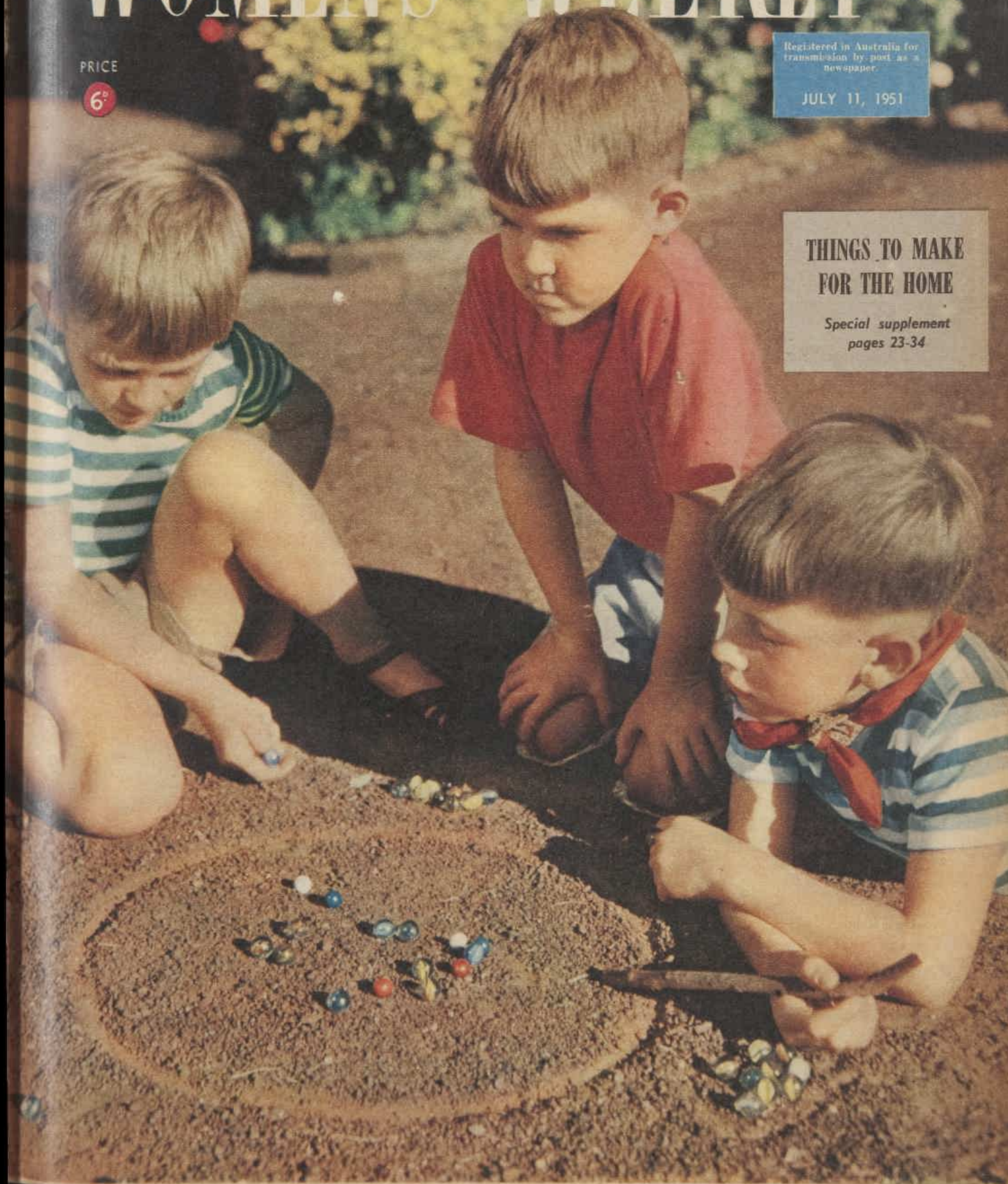
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JULY 11, 1951

**THINGS TO MAKE
FOR THE HOME**

*Special supplement
pages 23-34*



The Radio Stars of 1951

THE ONLY RADIOS WITH ALL THE MODERN FEATURES

**TRIPLE
THROAT**

BRILLIANT WORLD-RANGE MIDGET

Built like a musical instrument, with unique Sound Vibration Bridge, it's Australia's most popular mantel radio—because of its amazing world-range performance, Triple-Throat tone and unbeatable value. (Battery models available)

MAGNIFICENT, FULL-SIZE TABLE MODEL

Australia's most popular Table Radio . . . brings you more 1951 quality features, more real value for money, than any other make! With Triple-Throat perfection, over 12,500 miles range, musical instrument design, and ultra-modern beauty, this superb Kriesler gives true radio luxury at amazingly low cost. (Battery models available)

**12,500 MILES
RANGE
Guaranteed**

**SEALED
for your
PROTECTION**

THE SENSATIONAL "3-in-one" RADIOGRAM

Now you can enjoy Triple-Throat quality reproduction from records as well as from the world's programmes. Much more than a radiogram, Kriesler's sensational "3-in-One" is three separate entertainment units in one sealed cabinet. See it, hear it, and be convinced it's your dream radio come true.

FREE! WIN A KRIESLER TRIPLE-THROAT SEALED RADIO

What constitutes your "dream radio"? Write a letter to Kriesler Australasia Ltd., 43-Alice Street, Newtown, N.S.W., and tell them what features you desire most in a perfect radio—use non-technical language. For the ideas most clearly expressed, three prizes will be awarded: 1st, a "3-in-One" Radiogram; 2nd, a Table Model Radio; 3rd, a Midget Radio. Write in now—you may win a new 1951 Kriesler.

KRIESLER

TRIPLE THROAT

SEALED

RADIO

"THE BEST SET

AT ANY PRICE"



"...and she lived *lovelier* ever after with

HAPPY ENDING to your quest for new loveliness ... Michel Cosmetics give your complexion a fresh and vital beauty ... Michel's own rare perfume adds the final touch of glamor and intriguing mystery to your "new" personality. Ask for Michel Cosmetics to-day ... and be lovelier tomorrow!

Michel
COSMETICS

'Stay on Longer'



MICHEL FACE POWDER

Silken-smooth, matt-textured, superlatively fine. In: Peche, Rachel, Rose Beige, Rose Natural, Sun Tan, Tropic.

MICHEL LIPSTICK
in 9 colours: Amapola, Blonde, Cherry, Cyclamen, Mariposa, Pink Spice, Raspberry, Scarlet, Vivid.

MICHEL HAND LOTION
gives your hands that "cared for" look men love.



MICHEL MASCARA
A clever setting for the jewels of your eyes. Brown or Black.

MICHEL CAKE MAKE-UP
is waterproof, easy to apply and 'Stays on Longer' indoors or out. Peche, Pink Spice, Sun Tan.



MICHEL CREAM MAKE-UP
is waterproof, and 'Stays on Longer'. Specially suited to drier skins. Peche, Pink Spice, Sun Tan.



MICHEL ROUGE
goes further, 'Stays on Longer' — Cyclamen, Pink Spice, Raspberry.

NEW GIANT SIZE SAVES MONEY!

Plenty for all your
washing needs in
the **ONE**
BIG PACKET

Housewives all over Australia have been waiting for it . . . enough Persil for every washing need in the one big packet! The same New Persil that gives you the whitest, brightest, cleanest wash is now in a size that's more convenient to buy. Of course you can still get the large size Persil—but the new giant size saves money.



New PERSIL
for WHITEST WHITES,
BRIGHTEST COLOURS!

AND
DISHWASHING
TOO!

Are you using *New* Persil yet?



Aides to Industry

... the LONG-WEARING qualities of Cesarine make this cotton fabric ideal for the smarter types of work-a-day, or leisure garments.

From youngsters' rompers and school outfits to cool, week-end wear for men; from colourful house frocks to smart casual wear—or as overalls and uniforms for hospital, factory, or office, Cesarine is indeed "the wonder cloth".

SHRINK-PROOF and COLOUR-FAST, Cesarine stays bright and cotton-crisp through numberless boilings to look smart and at home in any company. Ask for it at your favourite store.

CESARISED-SHRUNK
Cesarine
 "THE WONDER CLOTH"

A CAESAR  FABRIC

A MILE OF VALUE IN EVERY YARD

* Designs for the Cesarine garments illustrated and numbered above, by courtesy of Fashion Patterns, Sydney

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 11, 1951

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Australian Women See Threat Behind the Headlines

These three typical Australian women are representative of thousands who have read behind the headlines a real and dangerous threat to the security of Australia, and all they hold dear. Because they hate the thought of war, and the heartache it can bring, they have wisely encouraged their menfolk to train now so that a "would be" aggressor might be deterred. If war does come, their men will be fully trained to defend themselves, their homes and loved ones.

"Don't let us be Caught Unprepared Again"

says Mrs. Beulah Anderson, 83 Sydney Road, Manly, N.S.W., whose husband, Lieutenant Kevin Anderson, C.M.F., is a last war veteran. Mrs. Anderson goes on to say:—

"Kevin joined the A.I.F. in 1941 as a raw recruit and served as a Gunner in the Middle East and New Guinea during the last war.

"He says he found the training a bit tough then and made up his mind not to be caught unprepared again. That's why he joined the C.M.F. He's determined not to waste his past training. He realises that with the threat of war again hanging over the world he and thousands of other young men must be trained to defend themselves if war should come.

"Kevin and I have two young children, David, 3½ years, and Gay, 7 months, and we want to do everything possible to bring up our children in a peaceful world.

"We think that the best way to do this is to heed the advice of world statesmen who have told us that the only way to prevent another war is for the democracies to build up their defences as quickly as possible. That's why Kevin is devoting part of his spare time to C.M.F. training now."



Mrs. Beulah Anderson, 83 Sydney Road, Manly

"Every Mother should encourage Enlistment in the C.M.F."

These words express the confidence of Mrs. June Friend, of Kangaroo Point, Brisbane. Her son, Corporal Len Friend, has been in the C.M.F. for 12 months. Mrs. Friend says:—

"It's refreshing to see the pride these lads take in their general deportment and personal appearance, particularly when in uniform. C.M.F. training will certainly make Len a better man. It is reassuring also to know that the training Len is getting now in the C.M.F. may some day save his loved ones and his country from invasion. Every mother who has a son eligible should encourage him to train now in the Citizen Military Forces."



Mrs. June Friend, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane

"John would enlist if a war comes, that is why he's training now"

says Miss Rae Robinson, 6 Dalley Street, Granville, whose fiancé, John Edwards, C.M.F., is a Gunner with the R.A.A. Miss Robinson says:—

"With the C.M.F. training behind him, John would be assured of quick promotion in Australia's future A.I.F. For that reason alone C.M.F. training is a good thing. But, more importantly, John is serving his country as every young man should. If every young Australian felt as John does, this country would be a much safer place in which to live."



Miss Rae Robinson, 6 Dalley Street, Granville

Whether you are a Mother, a Wife, a Fiancée or a Girl Friend, there is a man who values your opinion, who will be glad of your support in a big and important decision like enrolment in the Citizen Military Forces. Remember, he is getting training that in time of war saves lives, maybe his life.

Issued by the Director-General of Recruiting.

WM22, 446/51

A hunting she will go

By Willard
H. Temple

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

MR. BISHOP, putting one foot in front of another along Edgecomb Drive, looked at the lights of No. 14 as though his home were a desert island and the curving street a rolling ocean.

Ten hours earlier that day Mr. Bishop had left Edgecomb Drive to go into the city and turn himself loose among the purchasing agents. Returning to his office in mid-afternoon, Mr. Bishop had girded up his loins, adjusted his tie, tweaked his secretary's ear for good luck, then marched boldly and bravely into the sanctum sanctorum of Mr. Grooby and demanded a raise.

Five minutes later Mr. Bishop, his ears ringing from a stern lecture on the horrors of inflation, and the deadly spiral which would ensue if he should get a raise, slunk back to his desk.

"Did you get it?" asked his secretary.

"No," snarled Mr. Bishop.

Now with his newspaper under his arm, the city and the train ride behind him, he was almost home. A warm yellow glow emanated from the windows of No. 14.

This at the end of the day was his haven, his castle—or it would be if he ever paid off the mortgage. This was home, philosophised Mr. Bishop, taking in new strength. This was the place where a man could take off his shoes and relax.

He opened the door and, overflowing with sentiment, stepped across the threshold and brought a number nine shoe down on the tail of the dog that filled the entrance hall.

The dog let out a bloodcurdling howl. Mr. Bishop, leaping high, struck his head against the door, and his daughter, who had gleefully watched the proceedings from the top of the stairs, lost her footing and tumbled down to land shrieking at her father's feet.

"Well, the heck with it," said Mr. Bishop. "I'll go back to the office."

His wife, Cora, appeared suddenly from the kitchen. She was slim and deft, dark-haired, and soothing.

In a moment she had stopped their daughter's tears and coaxed the dog out from behind the couch. Mr. Bishop, meanwhile, addressed his home and family vehemently.

"I am the breadwinner," he declared passionately. "The provider. I leave here in the dark every morning to go out and tramp the streets in order to provide food and shelter for my family. When I get home at night I am entitled—"

"Yes, darling," Cora said. "That's just exactly what I've been wanting to talk to you about. I'm so glad you brought it up. It makes everything so much easier."

"I don't get it," said Mr. Bishop, feeling slightly at sea.

"We'll talk about it later," Cora said. "Dinner's almost ready. Sit down and read your paper."

Mr. Bishop was confused but mollified. Throughout dinner and afterwards, when Julie was being put to bed, Mr. Bishop admitted that his wife had a way with the household.

When he had first married Cora, Bishop had been very much in love with her, but had wondered how the mercurial high-spirited girl would fit into the pattern of domestic life. He needn't have worried. Mr. Bishop told himself now, seated across from her in the living-room.

Cora had proved herself a loving but firm mother, an excellent housekeeper and a fine cook. In short, the ideal housewife.

"Now Charles," she said suddenly, "we can talk."

Mr. Bishop peered around the corner of his newspaper and smiled genially.

"I've been thinking for a long time, dear," his wife said, "that you do more than your share."

Mr. Bishop, who might privately have agreed, supposed he should be flattered but he only felt nervous.

"You work so terribly hard," said his wife. "Uhuh," said Mr. Bishop, his blood pressure rising.

"I'm just a parasite."

Mr. Bishop put down the paper. "You feel all right?"

"Fine. It's just unfair that you do all the hunting and fishing."

Mr. Bishop was now alarmed and sweat broke out on his forehead. "Hunting?" he said. "I never hunted in my life. Fishing? I haven't fished since before we were married."

"Don't be so literal," his wife said. "Those are general terms. By hunting and fishing I mean you go out into the world each day and bring back the necessities of life."

"Hunting and fishing, hey?" said Mr. Bishop, baffled but game. "Well, dear, if you want to play Indian, it's all right with me. And now I'm back in the wigwam, hey? How about squaw woman fetching big chief pipe? Haw," said Mr. Bishop, relieved and retiring again to the sports page.

"That's just the point," his wife said. "And I won't have it any more."

"Have what?" said the big chief, getting annoyed.

"Your doing all the hunting and fishing. I'm going to hunt and fish."

"Somebody around here is nuts," said Mr. Bishop loudly, "and it isn't me—"

"I don't want to become just a Mum."

"You've already become one," Mr. Bishop pointed out. "What's the matter, Julie get you down? What did she do, crayon on the wallpaper?"

"She was a lamb."

"Then that's a fine way to talk," Mr. Bishop said, violently aroused. "Suppose Julie overheard you, the kid would get a complex. And you know you're crazy about her."

"You don't understand," his wife said. "I'm using psychological terms. And, of course, you're complacent. You're a contributor."

Mr. Bishop looked belligerently at his wife. "Who said I'm a contributor?" he demanded.

"You contribute to the world's goods. You're not a parasite. You don't have to be so dense. You do all the work, and it isn't fair."

Please turn to page 8

Cora only wanted to help, but Charles held strong views on woman's place in the home.

Quietly, Cora restored peace between Charles and Julie. "Dinner won't be long," she said.





makes you
SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL

You have one essential beauty aim—
a smooth, clear skin, the only true
foundation of charm.

THREE BASIC STEPS TO TRUE SKIN CARE:

ONLY three functions are important in keeping the skin healthy and clear: cleansing . . . stimulating . . . nourishing. Coty, guided by the experience of many years, have evolved preparations of the highest quality which together form the complete service to beauty. No complicated ritual is necessary. Coty's three basic steps to true skin care are quick, efficient, simple—to achieve maximum results with the minimum of time and energy.

1. CLEANSE—each morning



Soap and water alone cannot keep your skin scrupulously clean. Using gentle upward and outward movements, smooth Coty Cleansing Cream on face and neck. Leave on for a minute or two, then remove with cotton wool and Coty Skin Freshener. Pat the face gently again with Skin Freshener, allowing it to dry. (For oily skin, use Coty Special Astringent instead of Skin Freshener.)



Cleanse before you put on a new face during the day!

"Dorma" Cleansing Milk is especially made to remove old make-up. Applied on cotton wool, it removes all traces of make-up, leaving the skin refreshed and stimulated, ready for new make-up. "Dorma" is recommended for all types of skin.

2. STIMULATE—morning & night

Pat Coty Skin Freshener (or Special Astringent) on the face with a pad of cotton wool to remove cleansing cream in the morning and conditioning cream at night. Coty Skin Freshener and Coty Special Astringent remove all residue of cream, stimulate the surface circulation, and help keep the pores free and healthy.



COTY SKIN FRESHENER for dry and normal skin is mildly astringent, has blanching qualities, tones beautifully.

COTY SPECIAL ASTRINGENT is for excessively oily skin, needing something a little more astringent.



3. NOURISH—each night

First cleanse with Coty Cleansing Cream and Freshener. Massage the face and neck for three or four minutes with Coty Conditioning Cream, using outward and upward movements. This rich cream will make your skin feel marvellous. Remove surface cream with cotton wool and wipe face and neck with Coty Skin Freshener. If it not necessary to leave the cream on overnight, if you have a normal skin, this simple treatment will help to retain its smooth, fine texture.



COTY CONDITIONING CREAM is a rich skin food for all types of skin.

Your eyes need care, too! Apply Coty Eye Cream (anti-wrinkle preparation) at night under the eyes and on the eyelids, patting it on gently. Leave a thin film on overnight. It will preserve the fine-lined skin under the eyes, prevent development of wrinkles and fine lines.

Your Make-Up: Perfect it with Coty Foundation Lotion . . . Coty Sub-Tint (5 lovely shades) . . . Coty Air-Spun Face Powder (in eight shades; some or compressed compact form) . . . Coty Creme Rouge (5 shades) . . . Coty "Air-Spun" Dry Rouge (9 shades) . . . Brilliant Coty Coral Pink Lipstick (standard or quick-refill containers).

—and, of course, your Coty Skin Fragrance, a part of your fragrant presence. Use it lavishly after bath or shower for all-day freshness. Seek a Coty expert's advice on the fragrance best for you.

COTY

LONDON PARIS NEW YORK
3 New Bond Street 23 Place Vendôme 412 Fifth Avenue

MR. BISHOP smiled. "Oh, I see," he said. "You confused me with that double talk about hunting and fishing. Look, dear, if you're not getting enough money you don't have to lead up to it by playing Indian."

Cora was tapping her foot. She had a look in her eye Mr. Bishop had seen there before on occasion. It gave him the willies.

"Don't be so obtuse," she said. "I refuse to be a parasite any longer. I'm going to be a producer. I'm going to get a job. Not because I want more money to spend."

Mr. Bishop gaped at her. "You want to be a hunter and a fisher," he said finally.

"Exactly," Cora gave him a brilliant smile. "What do you think I should do?"

"What do I think?" Mr. Bishop screamed, erupting like a volcano. "I think you should go soak your head. What's the matter with me?"

Mr. Bishop thumped his manly breast. "When the day comes I can't earn enough money—"

"That's not the point. I want to be a producer."

"Who's going to look after Julie if you get a job?"

"I thought mother might like to sublet her flat and live with us," Cora said timidly.

Mr. Bishop choked on his pipe. "That's what I call a dandy idea. The way she eats you'd better get a darn good job."

Long after the other houses along Edgcomb Drive were dark, light still shone from No. 14. Ultimately, Mr. Bishop was in bed where he tossed and turned and muttered darkly in his sleep. Beside him Cora was relaxed, dreaming of herself seated behind a huge desk.

The next morning as per custom, Mrs. Bishop drove her husband to the train. But today they had Julie with them and dropped her at the nursery.

"Everything is working out beautifully," Cora said. "She'll be through nursery school at noon, and Mrs. Carmichael will give her a hot lunch, have her take a nap and then supervise her activity this afternoon until I get home."

"For how much?" said Mr. Bishop. "You're going to need more clothes if you work. You'll be eating lunch in a restaurant. We'll need a cleaning woman, we'll have to send more laundry out. It'll cost us twice as much as you will earn. I can't afford to have you work."

"Suppose I do start for some terribly low figure," his wife rebuked him. "Naturally I can't start at the top. Why, I remember when you first went to work for Mr. Grooby you told him the salary didn't matter, it was the opportunity you were looking for."

A-Hunting She Will Go

Continued from page 7

Mr. Bishop, his hat pulled low over his forehead, did not respond.

His wife had not stopped the car at the station this morning. She pulled into a parking lot instead. Mr. Bishop began plaintively, "You might at least drop me at the train—"

"I'm going in with you. What did you think?"

"I thought you'd work here in the village. If you have to work, why not work—"

"Don't shout," Cora said. "People are staring. And don't stand there, we'll miss our train."

They entered the station and Mr. Bishop bought his paper. The usual crowd was on hand and Mr. Bishop winced and turned up his coat collar, hoping no one would recognise him.

Mr. Grooby, his boss, was there, at the far side of the platform. Mr. Bishop rode in on the same train each morning with Mr. Grooby, but they did not sit together.

Each morning they nodded

unoccupied seat, and Mr. Bishop, with unaccustomed gallantry, allowed another woman to occupy the other half.

"Afraid I can't sit with you, dear," said Mr. Bishop. "See you to-night."

He escaped down the aisle and into the next car. An hour later he was at work. That night he did not see his wife on the train. He got off at his station and walked home.

The lights were on at No. 14, but they were less bright. Warily Mr. Bishop opened the front door.

Finally he saw his wife. She was sitting in a dark corner of the living-room with her shoes off.

She said nothing, and Mr. Bishop waited a moment, then said nervously, "What's for dinner?"

"Nothing. I haven't even started dinner."

"What happened?"

put on your hat. I'll buy you the best dinner in town."

"Food revolts me," Cora said. "I'll open a tin of something."

She shuffled dispiritedly into the kitchen. Throughout the evening Mr. Bishop was unable to rally her spirits.

But he was not seriously disturbed. In a day or two at most she would be back in normal and the familiar Bishop family routine maintained.

The following morning Mrs. Bishop once again drove her spouse to the station, but this time she drooped him there.

"Staying home to-day?" Mr. Bishop carolled gleefully.

He kissed her resoundingly and strode towards the station, a free and independent hunter and fisher once again.

His work went well except for the brooding fact in his mind that Mr. Grooby refused to see eye to eye with him about that raise.

He had an out-of-town call to make after lunch, finished up at four, and saw no reason to report back to the office.

Instead, he caught a train for home, got off at the station, and before going home decided to drop in at Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe and pick up a detective story from the rental library.

He ambled down Main Street, turned in at the door, and stood before the bookshelves, looking over the array of mystery titles.

"Anything special you were looking for?" a voice accosted him.

"Just looking," he said brusquely, objecting to people who breathed down the back of his neck, then something about the voice made him spin around, and he stared into the eyes of his wife. She smiled brightly at him and drew a book from the second shelf.

"This has been very popular," she said.

Mr. Bishop, on the verge of telling her what to do with the book, beld his temper and refrained. His face got red.

"I finish at five-thirty," Cora said. "Why don't you browse around until then? I have the car and—"

Mr. Bishop, ignoring the books, the greeting cards, glassware, and costume jewelry, charged out the door.

He plodded towards home, stopping off en route to collect his daughter at the nursery. He found her in the backyard playing merrily with half a dozen other children.

"Hunting and fishing," she had said. "Yes," thought Mr. Bishop, "she'll probably do that and I'll be left with the cooking and washing."

Disconsolately, Mr. Bishop ambled into the kitchen to study the food situation.

(Copyright)



at each other, Mr. Grooby made a brief comment about the weather, and Mr. Bishop agreed with him.

This morning Mr. Grooby varied the technique. "Morning, Charles," he said. "Saw your little wife with you, didn't?"

"Going shopping," said Mr. Bishop with a ghastly smile. Cora came up from the ticket window. "I am not—"

"Shut up," said Mr. Bishop under his breath.

"Why, Charles, how dare you talk to me—"

"Get on the train," said Mr. Bishop hoarsely.

They entered with the crowd. Mrs. Bishop found an

"Nobody wanted me," his wife said. "I tramped the streets all day. Nobody would give me a job. I'm unemployed. I'm useless. Men sneered at me. They laughed. I hate men. They're the whole trouble. Men!"

"Wonderful," he said. "We'll all go out for dinner. That's the best news I've heard this year. You're unemployable."

"A parasite," she said dismissively. "A scrubwoman. A short-order cook. That's all men think I'm good for."

"One or two other items," said Mr. Bishop, doing a high kick and with a wicked gleam in his eye. "Come on, unemployable scrubwoman,

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS

THE FRIGHTENED LADY

By BEN
BENSON

WHEN I came home from work on Monday afternoon, I found an airmail letter in my mailbox. It said:

"Dear Sam,—It's set! I cleared with the bank this morning, and we're ready to go. I've had my eye on a small warehouse. It has a spur track and a good loading platform. There's the space you said we need, and also office facilities.

"Just to show you I haven't been idle, I have a tentative order from the big laundry down the block. It's for a ton of shirt board. I couldn't quote him a price. Told him he'd have to wait until my 'pardner' got out here.

"What say, pardner?—Regards to your sister, ALBIE."

I told Hope about it over dinner at our little sea-food restaurant that night.

There was a pause as she popped an oyster into her mouth.

"That's wonderful, Sam," she said, almost inaudibly. "That's what you've been waiting for, isn't it?"

"Yes. I suppose so."

"It calls for a celebration."

"It does. On one condition."

"What's that, Sam?"

"If you'll come with me to the Coast."

"Me, Sam?"

"Yes, you with a ring on that finger. We could make the trip out there as our honeymoon."

She turned away, but not quickly enough to hide the tears. I reached out and took her hands.

"The trip's off," I said. "I had a feeling you wouldn't go."

"Oh, Sam. You really know so little about women." She was half laughing and half crying. "Sometimes a woman cries when she's happy too."

"You mean you're going? You're not kidding?"

"I do want to go so badly, Sam."

I reached for her so fast that I knocked the water bottle to the floor. The glass smashed and sent long fingers of water into the sawdust. I kissed her. Then again.

In the opposite booth, some girls cackled excitedly. I turned around and grinned foolishly at them. They went off into peals of laughter.

A waiter came over with a dustpan and brush. He looked at me mournfully as he bent down over the broken water carafe.

"When do we start?" I asked her.

"Now. In an hour. We'll take our things and run."

"Not quite so fast," I laughed.

"I want to say good-bye to my sister and to Fred. I'll have to get to the bank and change my address and get my car ready. All that takes time."

"To-morrow morning?"

"I might be able to do it to-morrow afternoon. It means walking out on my job."

"I don't want you to do what isn't right."

"I can do it. Fairchild, my boss, is pretty nice."

"Let's go very quickly," she said. "Please, Sam. Please?"

I patted her hand. "What's the matter?"

"I want to go before anything can stop us."

I drove her back to her apartment. It was dark now. We sat outside in the car and talked about the route we would take. All through it she sat hugging her knees, with her dark eyes constantly on me.



The copper basket fell to the floor, dragging my attention from the figure on the couch.

"There's a lot to see if you do the trip right," I said presently.

"I'll love it. I'll love being with you."

I bent down and kissed her.

"You'd better go," she whispered. "And I have so many things to do, too. Apartments aren't easy to get at the price I have this one. I have somebody in mind to whom I'll sublet it. And I have a bankbook. It isn't much, but I want to bring something to you, Sam. And then there's the milk to stop, and some odds and ends to buy."

"And your job?"

"I'll go over there the first thing in the morning. But it is to-morrow afternoon, please?"

"I'll try. I'll be here about three o'clock to let you know."

I kissed her and she got out of the car. She ran up the stairs and inside. I sat there in the car and watched for her light to go on. When I saw it, I pushed the starter.

Then I saw him. He was standing across the street, two houses down. In the darkness, he loomed huge. No face, no shape. Only the crown of a hat, and massive shoulders. He was standing in the shadows of a driveway and he was looking up at the lighted window.

I started up and drove away fast. I went down the street, then made a quick turn, yanked the emergency brake up, and tore the keys from the ignition. Out of the car. To the corner house and into the backyard, then over a fence.

I hit a rusted can and sent it clanking away. I raced through, ducking a clothesline and steering around a broken little tricycle. I went around patches of light cast by kitchen windows. Then I slowed. I had come to the house I wanted. I couldn't see him.

I came out the back gate, through an alley, into the street. Nothing. An old couple passed by and eyed me curiously.

ILLUSTRATED
BY DUNLOP

I left there and went back to Brookline Avenue. When I came to the corner, I looked up the street again. There was nothing. I climbed into the car and drove back up Croft Road. Outside Hope's house, I sat for an hour and watched. Nothing happened, so I drove home.

We didn't leave on Tuesday afternoon. There were simply too many things to do.

I came to her place at three o'clock. Her door was open. She was standing there waiting for me.

We went inside. For me, the first time since I had known her. The place was spick and span and tiny.

The window was fitted with colorful draperies. On the floor there was a grey rug. Over against one wall, near the window, was a tastefully slip-covered studio couch, with four large pillows along the side and back. There was an ancient lounge-chair decorated attractively, and an iron bridge lamp with a parchment shade.

Please turn to page 46



Bewitching

is the word for

Strapless Bras

by **Berlei**

By night or by day . . . whenever your shoulders need complete, easy freedom, you'll be bewitchingly beautiful in your strapless Bra by Berlei . . . so intriguingly provocative, so sure of your loveliness. There's such comfort, such cool, carefree confidence and perfect support in a strapless Bra by Berlei, fitted to your shape by an expert corsetiere . . . conspiring with the magic of your natural loveliness to bring you new enchantment . . . so right for action, so right for fashion, so right for Romance.



The strapless Bra above is made in lace (both white and nude), in creamy satin, white Broderie Anglaise, or flowered cotton. Plastic boning built up from the waist smooths the torso and gives wonderful moulding support. Shorter Bras are available in all materials mentioned. Sizes range from 30"-36", prices from 20/- to 35/-.

The short strapless Bra at right is a Hollywood-Maxwell, "the Film Stars' Bra." Made in both white and nude satin with whirlpool-stitched bust cups of lace, giving a naturally separated, beautiful line. Cleverly cut stretch cloth panels hold Bra firmly on the body. Back-fastening. Sizes 30"-36". Price, 26/-.

Prices subject to alteration.

Berlei strapless Bras are sold in the Corset Departments of all Leading Retail Stores.

Not for Ladies

By TIMOTHY FULLER

MR. PRESIDENT and fellow members:

The regular monthly meeting of the Saxonville Rod and Gun Club was held on June 14 in the fire station. Seventeen members were present.

President Willis called for the report of the Membership Committee.

Mr. William Gardiner stated the club was indeed fortunate, as a new member was present to-night. He moved she be voted into the club.

Mr. Gardiner proposed the name of Miss Janet Sharpe.

Mr. John Rakely said he would bet there was a law somewhere which said they couldn't elect females.

President Willis consulted the by-laws and stated he could find nothing to prohibit the election of members of the opposite sex if the members so chose.

Mr. Horace Baldwin wondered if Mr. Rakely would contribute the bet he had just lost to the club secretary.

Mr. Rakely said you can laugh if you want to but this was a serious matter. He said as soon as you take in one woman every blank woman in town would want to get in.

Mr. William Gardiner said he was astonished to find any opposition to the election of Miss Sharpe. He stated all the members must be familiar with Miss Sharpe's prowess with both rod and gun, as well as her interest in promoting better hunting and fishing.

Mr. Rakely said that was all well and good. He said he had known Miss Sharpe since she was a baby in arms, and just because she had grown up with a pretty face was no reason to wreck the club.

President Willis pointed out this was a very unusual situation since the proposed new member was present and always before new members had been unanimously elected without discussion. He wondered if Miss Sharpe would be gracious enough to retire to the kitchen during the discussion.

Miss Sharpe retired to the kitchen.

Mr. Rakely asked if he could speak his mind.

Permission was granted.

Mr. Rakely said it would be a sorry day if the time ever came when a bunch of men couldn't get together once a month and drink a few glasses of beer without a lot of women around.

He said women were getting into everything these days, and there ought to be at least one place where a bunch of men could let themselves go if they felt like it.

President Willis recognised Mr. William Gardiner.

Mr. Gardiner said that it had always been his understanding that the primary purpose of a Rod and Gun Club was to provide a forum and organisation for individuals like-minded in their interest in the sports of field and stream.

While he was unsure of precisely

what the previous speaker had in mind when he spoke of "letting himself go" he felt he could assure the membership that Miss Sharpe would fit comfortably into the spirit of the meetings as he had observed it in his five years as a member of the club.

Mr. Gardiner also stated he did not share the previous speaker's fear that any great number of ladies would express a desire to join the club as a result of Miss Sharpe's election.

Mr. Rakely said he wasn't a lawyer like Bill Gardiner, and he guessed he didn't have his gift of gab anyway. All he knew was he himself had been a member ever since the club was started, and he didn't want to see it go to pot.

He said they could mark his words if they took in one woman they'd have to take them all.

Mr. Gardiner asked upon what experience the previous speaker based this prediction.

Mr. Rakely said on sixty-five years of living with women and watching them operate. He said all a man had to do was look around him because as soon as one woman decided to put her skirts up or down a couple of inches all the rest of them had to do likewise.

He said they were just like a bunch of hens. One hen will find something in a corner of the hen yard and then all the other hens rush over to see what it is.

ILLUSTRATED BY
WYNNE W. DAVIES

Mr. Gardiner stated that while he agreed with the previous speaker that women did have a grievous tendency to become the slaves of style he was unable to account for the fact that Miss Sharpe appeared to be the only girl in town interested enough in hunting to get out with a gun during the open season. He said he failed to see that she had established a fashion in this line.

Mr. Rakely said if Bill Gardiner didn't know why Janet Sharpe wanted to join the club now he was a whole lot dumber than he looked.

Mr. Gardiner wondered if Mr. Rakely had any special information concerning Miss Sharpe's motive for wishing to join the club.

Mr. Rakely said why not get the girl back in here and have her tell us.

Miss Sharpe returned to the meeting and stated she would be very happy to explain her reasons for wishing to join the club.

The Saxonville Rod and Gun Club, she said, was a mess. All the members ever did at their meetings was sit around and drink beer.

She said she didn't have to ask how many trout and how many pheasant the club had released in the last year because they all knew the answer, and the answer was none.

She said her reason for wishing to join the club was to try and prod the membership into a little action.



Mr. Rakely said he was sure all the members were grateful for this constructive criticism of the club's past activities. He said maybe if we elected a few members like Janet nobody would be able to recognise the Saxonville Rod and Gun Club after a couple of months.

He said he could hardly wait until Boundary Brook was chock-full of liver-fed hatchery trout. He would feed them to his cat if he caught any, but he doubted if the cat would touch them. He said a pheasant was a mighty handsome bird to look at, but they had ruined more good partridge dogs than you could shake a stick at.

He said come on now Janet why don't you just tell us straight out why you want to join the club.

President Willis pointed out that Miss Sharpe was not on trial, and did not have to answer Mr. Rakely.

Miss Sharpe said she could handle Mr. Rakely without any help from the president.

Mr. Rakely said well when did this great love of the outdoors first come over you, Janet?

Miss Sharpe said she had been interested in hunting and fishing all her life.

Mr. Rakely said how old were you when you caught your first trout?

Miss Sharpe said that was about two years ago. I was twenty-two.

Mr. Rakely said my my. He said he had caught his first trout when he was eight, and knocked down his first partridge when he was eleven.

He said he had an idea twenty-two was an advanced age for a person interested in hunting and fishing all her life to catch her first fish. He said there must be something else behind it. He said maybe she was just hunting and fishing for a husband.

President Willis rapped for order. He requested Mr. Rakely to watch his remarks.

Mr. Rakely thanked the president for this suggestion. He said maybe it would be a good idea if Bill Gardiner stopped sitting idle.

As far as he or anyone else could see Bill had been sitting idle for the last two years while Janet Sharpe chased him around over the countryside. If only Bill would get up and propose to the girl all this fuss would be over.

Mr. Gardiner said that's a lie. He said it is a lie, isn't it, Janet?

Miss Sharpe said oh, Bill. She said oh, darn you, John Rakely! She said oh, Bill.

Mr. Gardiner said I'll be darned.

Miss Sharpe retired from the meeting.

Mr. Gardiner said, hey, wait a minute, Janet, and also retired from the meeting.

Mr. Rakely made a motion to adjourn.

It was unanimously voted to adjourn.

A social hour followed. Beer and peanuts were served.

(Copyright)

President Willis pointed out that Miss Sharpe was not on trial, and did not have to answer Mr. Rakely's questions.

Prepare

A crowd quickly collected and stood around watching Roanie lunching on Snyder's lawn.

HERBERT SNYDER sat down to breakfast one Sunday morning and made an astonishing statement. "I think," he said, "that I'll buy a cow."

Evelyn, his wife, almost dropped her cup. She studied him narrowly as she filled his cup. Herbert had been moody and queer and silent lately, as though he had some great worry on his mind.

He opened the Sunday paper to the sports section, "Miracle team," he murmured. "They are in third place already."

All this was so normal that Evelyn was reassured. She loved this mild husband of hers, and if he was upset about something, then she was upset, too.

"I misunderstood you," she sighed. "For a second, I thought you said you were going to buy a cow."

Herbert looked across the paper at her. "That's exactly what I did say," he said.

He retreated immediately behind the paper, leaving his wife amazed and a little frightened. He was not exactly a small man, but he had a husbandly, fatherly, much-married look with the same net effect.

They had moved out here to Brookbyrn twelve years ago, when Laurel was seven and Bobby a baby.



for the Worst

By John Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

The suburb had grown up around them, and Bobby now climbed the tree that used to shade his play-pen. The same grass came up every year in the same crack in the sidewalk. Life was a straight road, ahead and behind—no bumps, no curves. Now suddenly Evelyn felt a little worried. She looked at Herbert. "A cow," she said, coldly.

He knew the tone, but he met her eyes bravely. "Yes, a cow. The children have outgrown the yard. And you know the doctor definitely warned me about mowing the lawn. What's wrong with a cow?"

Once more she misunderstood. "Oh, that, I forgot to tell you. I told Bobby he'd have to mow the lawn every Saturday."

"But that's not exactly it."

"Then what is it, exactly?"

Herbert nodded helplessly towards the other end of the table, where Laurel was reading the comics.

Laurel was nineteen, with her mother's tall grace and Herbert's fair color, and a figure that touched something wistfully worshipful in him.

"I asked you a question," came his wife's inquisitorial voice.

Herbert squirmed. A look half-stubborn, half a plea for understanding crossed his mild face.

"We waste too much money, for one thing," he said. "Take the television set. What do we get out of it that we didn't already have?"

"It was your idea to buy it," Evelyn said promptly.

"I'm not blaming you. But look at it basically, fundamentally. Compare a television set with a cow. I mean, when you ask yourself which has most to contribute to a troubled world—"

"A cow," Laurel said, suddenly joining in the conversation. "Now I've heard everything!"

Laurel got up and headed for the living-room with her blond hair in curlers. A pride too deep for words went through Herbert at sight of the wonderful thing a small daughter could become merely by growing up into a woman behind his back.

"Well," she said, over her shoulder, "if a cow comes here, I leave, and that's that!"

She vanished. Evelyn said, "Don't pay any attention to that desperate look. It's new. She just quarrelled with Freddie."

"What did they quarrel over?"

Evelyn shrugged. "Who knows? I think she wants a home of her own, and doesn't know how to go about making it come to pass."

"You mean she wants to marry that boy? He's the one with the dangerous-looking piece of junk he calls a car, isn't he?"

"Freddie's a nice boy, and don't change the subject. What's this foolishness about a cow, Herbert?"

"A cow—a milking cow," Herbert said dreamily. "Something solid and enduring and old-fashioned. Something to serve us and be served by us. Something not made on the assembly line."

"I see," said Evelyn, who did not see.

"I have nothing against television. I cite it merely as an example of our slavery to the great god Gadget. I feel that if there is one thing we can do without it's—"

"A cow," said Evelyn.

Herbert got a stubborn look, and she regretted interrupting him. The thing to do was let him talk it out.

He went on wearily: "If you won't understand, I suppose you won't. Nevertheless, my mind is made up . . . almost. It's getting so I'm afraid to open a newspaper. The A-bomb was bad enough, but this new H-bomb has a destruction range of thirty miles. Think of that! What if they dropped one on the city? When we moved out here, to be forty-five minutes from town was an asset. Now it merely means we're as good as wiped out. Doesn't it frighten you?"

"Not enough to make me want a cow," Evelyn said. "Wouldn't she be wiped out, too?"

But oddly enough, she suddenly knew how he felt. A cow was a link with a sturdier, saner age. A cow knew absolutely nothing of A-bombs, H-bombs or any kind of bombs. It went right on chewing its cud and making milk, just as it had when frightened little citizens brooded over this terrible new weapon, the bow and arrow.

She suddenly saw herself running down a bombed-out Brooklyn street, pushing a pram piled high with old picture frames and sticky medicine bottles, and other trash salvaged from total war, like the people in the newsreels a few years ago.

"Why don't they get rid of him?" came Herbert's grumbling voice, startling Evelyn.

"Huh? What are you talking about? Get rid of whom?"

"Pasternak. He hasn't had a decent score for a month."

"Oh!"

The spell was broken. The awful picture of total war was dispelled, just like that. Herbert was so sane, so dependable. Her heart went out to him.

Wife-like, she thought she had heard the last of it. What bothered her was Laurel's depressed state. The girl was taking it hard, but when Freddie telephoned she refused to talk. He called in person once, and Laurel said, "Tell him I'm out."

There was no use talking to Herbert about it. Men never understood such things.

Saturday morning, Herbert backed out the family car. "I believe I'll take a little ride," he said, not quite meeting her eyes.

She was still unsuspecting when Bobby yelled: "I'm going with Dad. He said I could if it's all right with you. Is it, huh?"

He was gone before she could question him, and, anyway, her mind was on her daughter.

Between Herbert and Bobby there was none of that affectionate father-and-son comradeship you read about, but they got along well enough. There was no constraint as Herbert drove through the rolling farmlands that skirted Brooklyn.

"Are you going to buy the cow to-day?" Bobby asked. "Laurel told me you said you were getting one."

"I might," Herbert admitted.

Bobby leaned back. "Gee, that's a great idea. How'd you ever think of it?"

Herbert felt a gush of affection for the boy. "Oh," he said, "it just came to me."

He knew Bobby would have been just as happy over buying a sheep, an elephant, or a new living-

room rug. New things always charmed him, sometimes for as long as thirty minutes. Nevertheless, Herbert was grateful.

Herbert said at last, turning down a long tree-lined drive, "I've been referred to this man, Keeley, son. I want it understood though that this is strictly between ourselves. We're just—er—looking to-day."

He stopped the car in the shade of a huge cylindrical structure he knew was called a silo. This was the extent of his agricultural knowledge. He got out, Bobby at his heels.

A man wearing white overalls and white shirt came out of a nearby barn. Herbert went over and introduced himself.

"Oh, yes, you're the one who phoned, aren't you? I'm Keeley," the man said. He looked at his watch. "Have to start milking in a few minutes, Mr. Snyder, but I can spare a little time. What kind of cow did you have in mind?"

He walked rapidly away. Herbert and Bobby followed. "Well, a milking cow," Herbert said.

"Yes, but what kind? Guernsey? Jersey? I have almost every breed. Or maybe you'd like a Milking Shorthorn. Do you favor a dual-purpose cow?"

"Not particularly," said Herbert, who had not known they came in so many confusing varieties.

Mr. Keeley waved his arm over a huge herd that suddenly came into view as they rounded the barn. "See anything there you like?"

The sight, the scent as well, of living, breathing cows was like the realization of a dream to Herbert. He felt like pinching himself. What had been no more than a fearful, half-formed desire became a passionate determination.

A cow of his own—big, living, utilitarian, ancestrally important! It was his first radical idea, and he clung to it fiercely. Let the H-bombs fall! There would be wars and rumors of wars, but he had tricked them, and the end was not yet.

One animal ambled towards them, meeting Herbert's curious gaze with equal curiosity. It was somewhat larger than the others, a rich red in color. Herbert pointed to it.

"How about that one, Mr. Keeley?" he asked.

"You wouldn't want him," said Mr. Keeley. "That's my bull."

"Oh!" To Herbert's everlasting relief, Bobby did not laugh. He was gazing at the herd with yearning in every line of his boyish body. "Oh. Your bull. Yes, I see!"

"What you want," said Mr. Keeley, "is a good producer."

"That's right, a good producer."

"Not too much milk, but rich, with plenty of cream."

"That's right, plenty of cream!" Herbert said eagerly.

"Now, let's see what I've got that would suit you."

He climbed over the fence, and Herbert could not but admire him as he went among his cattle. He was not afraid of them, and they were not afraid of him. If there was a defence against total war, this man had it.

These were his creatures, as he was theirs, just as in the beginning of time. He had peace of mind, self-assurance, plenty of good, rich milk to drink, and no time to read the papers.

He came towards them, driving a cow whose red-and-white colors seemed to run together, as though she had been caught in the rain before the dyes could set.

"Here's one, a fine Shorthorn," he said. "Gentle as a kitten and due to be fresh in a week. How does she suit you?"

Herbert looked at the cow. The cow looked back at him, and Herbert was done for. This was his cow, and he was her man.

"I'll take her!" he said. "How much? What do you call this color? What's her name? When can you deliver her?"

Again Mr. Keeley consulted his watch. Proving himself a man of few words, he said: "Twenty-five. Roan. Her name's Roanie. I can have a truck on the road in ten minutes."

"It's a deal!" Herbert said.

Bobby looked at him reverently. "Gee, Dad!"

They followed the truck to town, arriving in time to see Freddie's old car roar away from their door. Usually Freddie stirred something resentful and antagonistic in Herbert, but he was too worried about facing Evelyn to feel anything else.

Evelyn had followed Freddie to the gate, in an effort to maintain diplomatic relations. She turned her gaze from Freddie's angry blue eyes straight into the big brown ones of a cow.

"Herbert!" she shrieked. "Oh, no! You didn't really!"

Laurel had remained in the house while Freddie was there. She came out and took one look at the truck backing into their driveway. Herbert got only a fleeting look at his daughter as she ran back into the house.

"Laurel!" Evelyn cried. "You're not going to lock yourself in your room like a ninny again, are you?"

"Just long enough to pack, Mother," came Laurel's voice. "This is the last straw! Has Daddy gone crazy?"

Please turn to page 51

Ron Jaskie

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No matter how expensive they are, ordinary shampoos leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils—leaves your hair clean, full of sheen.

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THE SPIDER

that once urged King Bruce
To get up and hustle,
Would hardly do, it's sad but true,
In these swift days of bustle.
We cannot try and try again
Each nostrum with it's lure;
To one we stick—it does the trick—
It's Woods' Great Peppermint
Care.

BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

Do not let the fact that you might never have liked war books, willingly seen a flying film, even have never known anyone in the Air Force put you off reading "The Big Show."

If you do, you will be missing a great experience. It is a magnificent story.

Never for a moment can the reader forget that it is the real thing—the day-by-day life lived by the fighter pilots of World War II.

Pierre Clostermann, D.F.C., a fighter pilot first with the Free French Air Force and then the R.A.F., wrote the book in diary form to be sent to his parents if he was killed.

The least scientific minded will be engrossed in the workings of the appallingly complex mechanical paraphernalia that is as necessary as breathing to a fighter pilot in the air.

One of the psychological curiosities of the war, the "cliqueyness" of fliers, is made understandable to the reader.

"War, for us, was not the desperate bayonet charge of a thousand human beings, sweating with fear, supporting and sustaining each other in a helpless, anonymous massacre," Clostermann says.

"For us, it was a deliberate, individual act, a conscious, scientific sacrifice. Unaided, alone, each one of us had every day to conquer the stab of fear in our breast, to preserve, reform, our ebbing store of will power."

One chapter of extraordinary fascination deals with "Rat Catching," the R.A.F.'s early method of dealing with flying bombs.

An interesting point discussed is the fighter pilot's almost psychopathic dread of flak.

The suspicion with which the British Air Ministry regarded the American Air Force's method of estimating probabilities and enemy planes destroyed is frankly commented on.

So, too, is the reassuring false information given to the public in the darkest moments of the air war.

The true state of affairs never seems to have been withheld from the fliers, many of whom, with nervous tics, lungs burnt out by flying at 35,000 feet, and worn-out reflexes boosted by surreptitious doses of benzadrine, for months on end took their planes aloft three times daily.

Clostermann, not the only French pilot who was sickened by what he found in liberated France, asked to go back to his squadron after D-Day.

Longing only to see their homes again, he says that he

THE BIG SHOW

By
Pierre Clostermann

and fellow-pilots were nauseated by "members of the Resistance, the wangling, and all those fishy characters in shady uniforms who had come to the surface over there like the scum on boiling jam."

On the night of the death of Walter Nowotny, the fighter-pilot hero of the Luftwaffe, Nowotny was almost the sole topic of conversation in the mess, and was spoken of with-out hate or rancor.

"It was the first time I had heard this note in a conversation in the R.A.F.," the author writes. "It was also the first time I heard, openly expressed, that curious solidarity among fighter pilots which is above all tragedies and all prejudices."

The dead German ace belonged to the men who were talking about him in a foreign language; he was part of their world.

"To the veteran R.A.F. fighter pilots, the armistice, when it came, was like a door closing," Clostermann says. "The snapping of the nervous



PIERRE CLOSTERMANN

tension was dreadful—as painful as a surgical operation."

"... like some extraordinary vigil over a corpse" is his description of silent pilots slumped in their chairs on armistice night. At 11 o'clock someone switched on the B.B.C. news with its commentary of wild celebrations.

"All eyes turned towards the set, and in them you could read a kind of hatred."

Eventually, unable to bear the sound of so many people parading their relief at deliverance, someone put the set out of action by throwing a bottle. One by one the pilots got up and went to bed.

On May 12 the big victory fly past took place at Bremerhaven. Clostermann's section, flying at less than a thousand feet, got hopelessly tangled up. His parachute opened only just before he hit the ground.

Clostermann, veteran of 420 operational sorties, for the first time knew fear of his own plane.

When Pierre Clostermann said good-bye to his last Tempest, lovingly named The Grand Charles, it carried on its fuselage 32 crosses for enemy aircraft shot down.

"The Big Show" is published by Chatto and Windus, London. Our copy from Grange Book Company.

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 6. July 11, 1951

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN

NEXT month the State Premiers will discuss possible new legislation which is very much the housewives' business.

Such legislation would limit hire-purchase and time-payment buying as part of the anti-inflation campaign.

If, as at first hinted, this would entail raising deposits and reducing the time limit for payments, it will affect many weekly budgets.

It has not yet been stated whether restriction would apply only to luxury goods.

If so, then the word "luxury" must at once be clearly defined. In a life daily becoming more difficult for the housewife, refrigerators, washing machines, electric cleaners, mixers, and ironers can hardly come under that heading.

Even cars cannot be considered a luxury with overcrowded public transport a problem everywhere.

It is only the past few years that the production of costly electrical goods has caught up with the demand which grew during the war years of short supply.

But in these years prices have gone up so considerably that time-payment is the only way for most people to get them.

The purchase of such items is surely one that should be encouraged.

With regular payments to be met, the housewife must put aside a few pounds each month. Without this incentive she might spend those pounds in much less sensible shopping.

Her thrifty budgeting to pay off the refrigerator, for example, eventually wins her a household item which not only makes her housework easier but provides the family with a substantial asset.

The Australian Women's Weekly

HEAD OFFICE: 188 Castle-street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4888W, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: News-papers House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 188C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 21 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 488P, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax Street, Adelaide. Letters: Box 38A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 40 Stirling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

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—the richest
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FLAVOUR-RICH
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Made by
MacRobertson
The Great Name in Confectionery.



Summer Silk and Lace . . .

by **Prestige**

Princess Slip 235.

The fact that it is made of Summer Silk would be enough to recommend this Princess Slip, but when you see its snug fitted midriff, its attractive plunging neckline, the provocative swinging lines of its skirt and the exquisite wide lace and ribbon trimming used on the neck and hemline, there will be another Prestige Princess Slip in your wardrobe. Sizes: Bust 32", 34", 36", 38". Colours: Sunglow, Ivory.

Scantette 235.

Such a dainty scantette, made, of course, in Summer Silk, with elastic waist band, and a sweet little lace and ribbon ruffle round the leg. Sizes: Seat, 36", 38", 40", 42". Colours: Sunglow, Ivory.

Profile Kup BR 15.

A brassiere, known as "Profile Kup", that will never lose its lovely profile line. The lace in this bra has been treated by a process, exclusive to Prestige, which ensures that it will never lose its shape. Sizes: 32", petite, small, medium; 34", petite, small, medium; 36", small, medium, full.



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are grand
there's quality
in every one



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An Aching Back

As most people know at one time or another, an aching back can be a great trial. Pain in the small of the back, joint and muscle pains and other rheumatic symptoms may be caused by the body's self-cleansing process becoming faulty—leaving impurities in the system.

It is a well-known fact that proper elimination of waste matter by healthy kidneys is as important a function as correct bowel action. A few De Witt's Pills taken occasionally will help to keep you fit in more ways than one. They are a diuretic stimulant to assist sluggish kidneys back to normal activity. They also act directly on the urinary channels, gently soothing and cleansing this important part of the system.

Try De Witt's Pills for your trouble. For over half a century De Witt's Pills have been bringing blessed relief to sufferers in all parts of the world. Get a supply without delay. Obtainable everywhere. Prices 3/6 and 6/6.

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PILLS

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They are made specially to relieve Rheumatic Pains, Backache, Sciatica, Bladder Disorders and Lumbago

Australian cities shock dress expert

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

The way Australians live reminds charming, debonair Englishman Captain George Mitchison of the Victorian or Regency era.

Captain Mitchison is manager to Norman Hartnell, who is dressmaker to the Royal Family.

CAPTAIN MITCHISON has spent a month studying the Australian scene and climate so that Mr. Hartnell will be able to design the right kind of clothes for the Queen and Princess Margaret to wear on the Royal tour.

He said he will advise Mr. Hartnell to tell the Queen that life in Australia is much simpler than anyone in England is led to believe.

Captain Mitchison said he got quite a shock when he discovered how really backward things were in Australia, especially in Adelaide and Melbourne.

"Before I came to Australia," he said to me, "I imagined that your capital cities would at least be as civilised as Rome, Paris, or even Buenos Aires, but, good heavens, people here live in the Victorian era!"

"I felt it was so dull and awful that a few times I nearly committed suicide."

"Sydney is not so bad. At least people do go out to night-clubs. But even in Sydney there is not much real life."

Captain Mitchison told me of his much-publicised experience at a leading Adelaide hotel when he was refused a meal because he was wearing an open-necked sports shirt with a scarf knotted at the neck.

"There was no one else in the dining-room and a waiter was busy blackleading," he said. "The waiter stopped his painting, popped on a white jacket, and came over to tell me I would have to put it on before I could be served."

"Even in the most fashionable pubs in London or Paris I would not have been treated like that," he said.

"I was very shocked, but this experience only fitted in with the rest of life in most Australian cities."

Captain Mitchison laughed bitterly.

"McIbourn seems to have little or no real life," he added.

"People entertain in their homes or not at all. It's all so different from London, or the way we Londoners imagine you live out here."

Captain Mitchison said the idea that Australians were a friendly race was all bunk.

"I think Australians are a fine lot, mind you," he told me, "but they are not really friendly fellows. They are more reserved and slow at making friends than the supposedly reserved Englishman."

When I asked Captain Mitchison what he expected to find in Australia, he said: "Well, I expected to find things a bit more cosmopolitan."

"In all capital cities of the world there is a little core of sophistication and real living. But I couldn't find it here."

He said he was disappointed with our women, too. "They are not nearly as smart as I thought they would be."

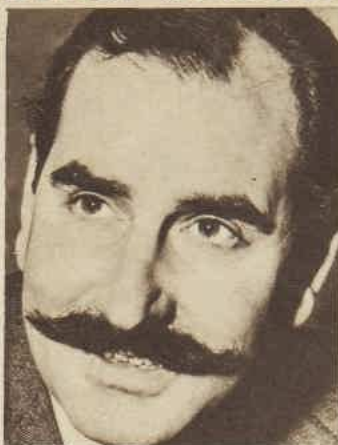
"I met a few very smart ones at some of the social functions I attended, but the average women I saw in the streets did not make the best of their lovely figures and other charming assets."

Captain Mitchison said this was a pity, because Australian girls were lovely.

"You breed a wonderful type of female here, but she doesn't know how to dress," he added sadly.

He emphasised that Australians had all the advantages of being able to follow overseas seasons fashions after they had been tried out, but failed to grasp this wonderful opportunity.

"Australian stores should pick the six best winners from such houses as Hartnell, Dior, Patou, and others, and model



CAPTAIN MITCHISON, who says he is glad to be leaving Australia for "more civilised places—such as Honolulu and Hollywood."

their mass production on those lines," he said.

When I asked Captain Mitchison about the fashions and tastes of the Royal Family, he said firmly:

"Members of Mr. Hartnell's staff are not allowed to give statements on Royal fashions; it would be considered extremely bad taste. Don't you agree?"

Captain Mitchison told me he was a captain in the Royal Horse Guards and the Suffolk Regiment.

"I'm not a fashion designer, you know," he said. "I look after the pennies and run the business side of the show."

He told me he has a charming little Georgian house on the edge of the Epsom Downs in Surrey, done in period style by Norman Hartnell.

"The master did all the decor himself; he is amazing, you know, still does all his own designing, after all these years," he added.

Captain Mitchison said that Mr. Hartnell was a very modest man and one of the nicest persons he had ever met.

"He is also one of the few geniuses alive now," he added.

He said that Mr. Hartnell lived in a glorious Georgian house near Windsor Forest.

"He spends a lot of time there, and he paints—water-colours especially—and we go punting on his artificial lake."

Mr. Mitchison said that in the sumptuous Hartnell salon in London there were more pillars than he had seen in all his Australian travels.

"Of course you have nothing like it out here. It is unique," he added.

SQUARE DANCE CONTEST

SOUTH AUSTRALIANS still have a chance to see a special exhibition of square dancing at the South Australian Square Dance Championship in the Tivoli Theatre on Saturday, July 7.

Tickets at 6/- and 4/- are available at Cawthorne's, Rundle Street, Adelaide.

It will be a lively and spectacular show.

Joe Lewis, famous U.S. square dance expert, will call some of the dances. There will be good musical entertainment in addition to the contest itself and the presentation of £580 in prize-money.

Having judged the South Australian State Championship on July 7, Joe will go on to Perth.

His square dance exhibition programme will be:

Perth: Boans, Ltd., July 16-21. Tickets at 5/- each are now available at the foot of the marble staircase on the ground floor of Boans, Ltd.

Brisbane: Cremorne Theatre, July 30-August 4. Tickets at 5/- each will be available from July 16 at Paling's and the Cremorne Theatre.

State Championships will be held at: Tasmania: City Hall, Hobart, July 17.

W.A.: Anzac House, Perth, July 21.

Qld.: Cremorne Theatre, Brisbane, August 4.

N.S.W.: Trocadero, Sydney, August 8.

The winners of each State Championship will be given a return trip to Sydney by air and one week's holiday in Sydney at the expense of The Australian Women's Weekly.

They will compete in the Australian Championship, to be held at the Trocadero, Sydney, on August 11.

The Australian champion team will be given a fortnight's holiday in Sydney.

You can rest content



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Hongkong is still glamorous

Despite drawbacks it's a career girl's paradise

By D. L. THOMPSON

When I went to Hongkong a few weeks ago to see how that colony was bearing up under pressure from Red China, I had also a small private mission to perform.

A Sydney girl, browned off after unexciting years as confidential secretary to a solicitor, asked me to find out if there would be an opening for her in Hongkong. Was the place safe? Glamorous? What salary could she expect? Could she save on it?

HERE is a copy of the letter I wrote her:

My Dear Lucy,
I have been here a fortnight now, and I have tried to look at the place through those wide, brown eyes. Yes, you'd like it, all right. And, my girl, not only could you get a job here—if you play your cards right you can make your new boss pay your fare here, and the return trip, too, if you decide to pull out after a couple of years.

As to saving, sure you can, if you can blind yourself to the blandishments of Chinese, Indian, and European shopkeepers—gentlemen who display the wealth of the world's markets in glittering heaps right beside the pavements. But my bet is, you won't save a bean.

It's a pity you're not a double-certificated nurse, Lucy. Only to-day I mentioned your ambitions to J. R. Jones, a big-shot in the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank and also a trustee for the Matilda Hospital, now undergoing a £200,000 face-lift and shortly to open as a hospital chiefly for Europeans.

"I am going to advertise in Australia shortly for two or three nurses," said Mr. Jones.

"Most of all, we want a theatre sister and a sister for the physiotherapy department. Salary will be £500 sterling." (That's £625 in our money, Lucy.)

Those nurses will get first-class return fares and three-year contracts, with yearly salary rises. The hospital itself will pay a further ten per cent. of each nurse's salary into a superannuation fund without a penny outlay from them, and that money will be theirs to take away after three years.

I told Mr. Jones the jobs sounded reasonably attractive, but he still looked unhappy about the whole thing.

"It's the excess of men here," he said. "We bring girls out, and they always marry. And nurses, you know, step straight into a position which takes them into Hongkong society."

They also step into free lodging (a large single room each), free laundry, uniforms, and service by Chinese amahs. Those "free" are worth about £400 sterling a year.

But you're no Florrie Nightingale, Lucy. You must learn to lisp in Hongkong dol-

lars—and lisp big. The banks say the Hongkong dollar is worth 1/7 Australian. Don't believe 'em.

When you start buying cigarettes and lunches and hairdos you'll find it's worth about 1/3. And you'll want 1000 dollars a month to live the simple life, 1200 to leave some scope for fun.

And, if you are competent, you'll get your 1200. I have spoken to half-a-dozen business men who pay that to two or three "top" girls.

Lodging in a good room at the Y.W. or at one of several other hostels costs 200 to 300 dollars a month, with breakfast.

Two other fairly simple meals a day will add over 150 dollars to the monthly bill. Laundry isn't cheap, and you'll need a lot of it in this climate—say, 50 dollars.

Prices have gone crazy, and shoes and clothing cost more than in Australia. Local trams and buses, jam-packed with Chinese, may not appeal to that sensitive nose—you'll vote taxis or rickshaws a necessity.

From your 1000 dollars you might have 150 a month left to take care of trips to the pictures and week-ends.

You could save, but you won't

But once break into the 1200-dollar ranks and you're nicely set. If your firm is a big one it will find you a flat, for which it will charge you only 200 dollars a month, though it may easily cost the firm 800.

The flat will look big by Australian standards. There will be a lounge, a bedroom, a balcony, a kitchen, and out back a room for a cook-amah, who'll cost you 150 a month.

The amah will order your food through a local gentleman known as a compradore.

You may get the notion that the compradore is taking you down, and it's a million to one you're dead right. But housewives here tell me that the compradore works out cheaper than direct purchasing. If you breeze into a grocer's or a butcher's with that quaint Australian accent, you'll pay dear for it.

If you don't get a car-owning boy-friend early in the piece you'll want a baby car. Otherwise, you're going to be socially limited.



STREET SCENE IN HONGKONG. Chinese shopkeepers, with infinite good manners, will bring you a chair, cigarettes, and iced water while you darter. Most Europeans depend on a compradore who delivers everything from pigs' cheeks to bobby-pins.

Hongkong is an embarrassingly hospitable town, and you'll be snowed under with invitations to cocktails, dinners, and week-ends. But most of the people who invite you will live on or across the Peak.

You'll need an awful lot of cool clothing for an insufferable summer lasting from April to September; warm clothing for a winter which is surprisingly sharp.

I said you'd like the life, Lucy. Well, now, imagine you've closed your hot little hand on that 1200 a month. You have your own flat on the foothills of the Peak, the 10 h.p. moored outside, the amah in the kitchen.

At 7 a.m. she brings you morning tea. She runs your bath while you deal with this, lays out your ready-pressed clothes for office. The bath will be a hot one.

A cold shower is tempting in this heat, but doctors warn people to avoid cold water if they want to keep prickly heat under control.

At breakfast a fan will be running overhead, the morning paper (25 cents—just over 5d.) will be at your elbow.

At the office you'll work from 9 to 5.30 for a 48-hour week.

Most of your fellow-typists will be Chinese girls, dreadfully punctilious about red-tape details, equally slow on initiative.

Because of your command of English (and because of that business efficiency you boast of, Lucy!), a bunch of them will soon be drafted under you.

It's a grand life, Lucy—but it has its drawbacks.

Any girl with a suspicion of chest weakness should keep away; Hongkong is a breeding-place for pneumonia and T.B.

As to being safe here, you can rove the streets late at night and be a lot safer than in an Australian city. No Chinese will give you a second glance.



HONGKONG BY DAY. The city nestles against the Peak, the precipitous mountain spread over Hong Kong Island. One of the drawbacks to Hongkong is that once there, there is nowhere else to go. From the Peak you can see most of the territory which bounds life.



HONGKONG BY NIGHT. Most entertaining is done by people who live on or over the Peak, so a car is essential for enjoying a full social life. The city is gay, and much of it is open long after midnight. In the streets you are safe from violent assault.

Goanna men give up their

TRIBAL TOTEMS

By FRED A YOUNG, staff reporter

Aboriginal totem boards, jealously guarded as sacred relics for untold generations, have been removed from the mallee-studded sandhills about Ooldea on the Transcontinental Railway and placed in museums.

SOME of the boards are of great antiquity and all have played a vital part in the tribal life of the Wongkai, one of the five tribes at Ooldea, South Australia.

That these relics, sacred to the aborigines to whom they belong, have been surrendered is one of the last sad steps in their tribal history.

The boards have been divided between the South Australian Museum and the Queensland University ethnological collection.

The ancestral emblems, or tjilbirba (that which belongs to the ancient men), have been jealously hidden from the eyes of women, children, and uninitiated young males through the ages.

The aborigines love and reverence the boards, which are their contact with the spirits of their forefathers.

For a long time there has been talk of moving the mission at Ooldea and the 300 aborigines there to Yalata, on the Great Australian Bight, west of Fowler's Bay, and about 80 miles south-west of Ooldea.

Yalata offers better hunting and fishing and greater opportunity for employment for natives.

Because the aborigines feared that they could not transport the boards without unauthorised eyes seeing the sacred symbols, they decided to part with them for ever.

This move is indicative of the general and inevitable breaking down of their culture.

Chief missionary at Ooldea, Mr. Harrie Green, was informed of the aborigines' intentions, and one morning at dawn he set out with the Wongkai to a secret place.

While the other boards were being placed on the truck, one man sat in the shade of a tree with one board across his knees, chanting softly as he tapped it.

The boards, which measure up to 14 feet long, are beautiful examples of native art and are differently marked. With the exception of two, which have been eaten by white ants, they are in excellent condition.

Mr. N. B. Tindale, ethnologist of the South Australian Museum, has known of the existence of these totem boards since his first visit to Ooldea in 1934, but he had not seen them, though he then collected and checked details of the legend about them.

He went to Ooldea when the aborigines handed the boards over recently.

The legend, Mr. Tindale

says, is called the Watikutjara Milpali, translated into "The Two Goanna Men."

One was Milpali, the white goanna, the other Jungka, the black goanna.

These two had many adventures in the country between Coolgardie and the South Australian border.

They set up totems at Waiakola, which is north-west of where Cook now stands, on the Transcontinental Railway Line.

Their original totem board was stolen from them by a stranger, and was taken up into the heavens, where it now lies across the sky as the Milky Way.

The Two Goanna Men found wives, had children, and died at Waiakola.

Their totem boards have been treasured ever since by aborigines, who believe themselves to be descendants of the original Goanna Men.

It is impossible to estimate when all this might have taken place, according to Mr. Tindale, but the very name by which the boards are known, tjilbirba, shows that they have

come down from the unknown past.

Some of the boards have been made in the Ooldea district since the east-west railway line was built, Mr. Tindale says.

Although most have been carved with stone tools, a few show traces of having been metal cut. One obviously very old board has modern carving in one corner.

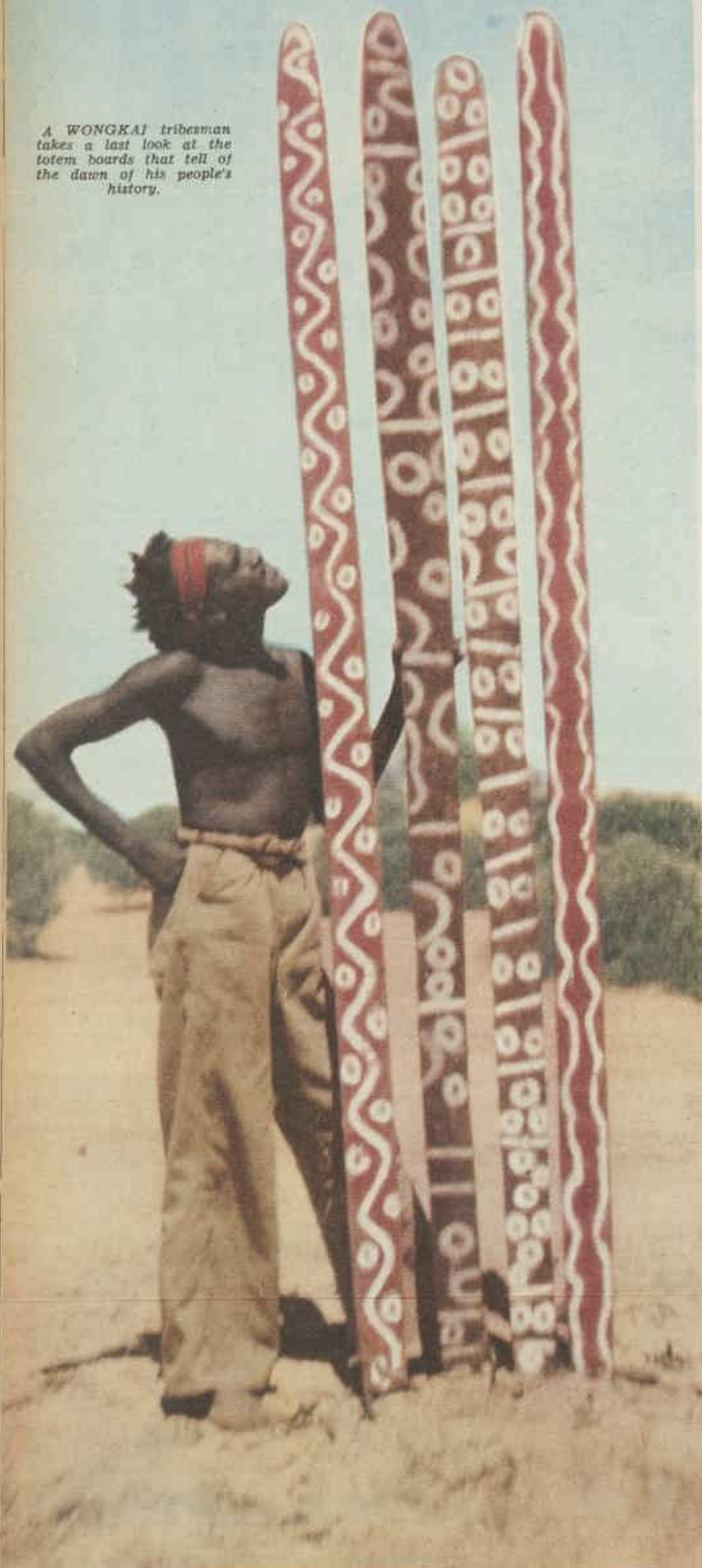
Circles represent camps or waterholes along the route travelled by the Goanna Men, and the central line represents their track. In some instances it is wavy, because that is the kind of track made by the goanna.

A totem, Mr. Tindale explains, is an emblem—an object or an animal—by which individuals may come to identify themselves.

Totem boards must not be seen by women. In the past women who saw them were severely punished or even killed.

Aborigines from Ooldea appeared in the film "Bitter Springs" made at Quorn, and more recently in "Kangaroo," filmed at Port Augusta.

A WONGKAI tribesman takes a last look at the totem boards that tell of the dawn of his people's history.



CIRCLES on the totem boards indicate waterholes. The lines between are the tracks of the Goanna Men, who founded the Wongkai tribe.

Pioneers seek fortunes in wild north



ENTIRE POPULATION of Buthen Buthen stands round the grave of Tom Preston, who discovered gold there. Left to right, Charlie Toncker, aboriginal Alice Holden, and her Maori husband, Dick, Tommie Creek, who is head stockman of the Lockhart River Mission station, and Bert Gard.

They have high hopes and £50,000 capital

By PATRICIA ROLFE, staff reporter

A party of 20 men will leave Sydney on July 28 to pioneer a settlement in the Nesbitt Valley, Cape York, Queensland. They hope to found gold, timber, cattle, and fishing industries there.

Mr. R. C. Bleechmore, of Manly, N.S.W., who advertised for 19 men willing to take part in the scheme, got 95 applicants, mostly young, and all with £1000.

ONE enthusiast wrote that "me and my mates will be in anything but a bath."

Because of the big response to his advertisement, Mr. Bleechmore decided to increase the number of settlers and investors to 50.

With the successful applicants he has established the Cape York Development Company Pty. Ltd., which will finance the operations, each shareholder putting in his £1000.

All will get the same salary, no matter what work they do. They will receive an equal share of the dividends.

The area which the company intends to develop is a 75-mile strip between two rivers from Princess Charlotte Bay to Weymouth Bay.

Many of the new settlers are ex-servicemen, and three are pilots.

Only one woman applied. A 27-year-old trained nurse, she was not accepted because the wife of one of the men in the company is a nursing sister.

So far there is no doctor, but an ex-ambulance driver has a good knowledge of first aid and emergency treatments.

They are still looking for a baker.

Wives of some of the men will go with a second party, which is due to leave in September.

The men in the first party will go from Sydney to Cairns, and then ship on the Elsanra to Portland Roads, 300 miles north.

Mr. Bleechmore said that at Portland Roads there is a



ORIGINATOR of Nesbitt Valley Settlement Scheme, Mr. R. C. Bleechmore, seated centre, discusses plans with three members of the party, A. Connors, J. Thompson, and C. E. Vincent, standing left to right, and solicitor J. Nash and company secretary H. R. Irving, seated.

wharf and a jetty built by the Americans during the war.

A bitumen road, 22 miles long, leads to Iron Range all-weather airstrip, also built by the Americans, where planes in the Thursday Island service land every Wednesday and Saturday.

The wharf, jetty, road, and airstrip are the only construction works in the Cape, other than at Coen.

The headquarters of the company will be at Iron Range. At present there is a 75ft. x 20ft. hut there and three iron and wood houses.

First task of the advance party will be to erect additional buildings.

Leases have been secured for gold-mining at Iron Range and at Buthen Buthen, a richer field which yields up to 8oz. of gold to the ton, according to Mr. Bleechmore.

Timber will be taken from

the Nesbitt Valley, where later a cattle-raising industry will be established. There will also be fishing off the reef.

"In ten years' time we will all be wealthy," Mr. Bleechmore said confidently.

"We are only doing what some Government should have done years ago," he added. "There are 40,000 square miles in Cape York with a population of 100 whites and 4000 aborigines."

"We won't have any 40-hour week up there."

"It just wouldn't work in a place like that."

"We won't have any bodgies, either," he said as an afterthought.

Mr. Bleechmore lived in Townsville from 1930-40, where he was a stock and station agent. He used to buy horses for India, and got to know the Gulf Country well. He explored the Nesbitt Val-



HEADQUARTERS of the Nesbitt Valley Settlement will be this hut at Iron Range. Eddie Lee, prospector (left), who was one of the party which explored the area last year, is photographed with Bert Connell, who lives at Iron Range.

ley last year with a party which included former Queensland Government geologist Dr. H. I. Jensen.

Developing this area has been a dream of Dr. Jensen's since he first visited it between 1930-37.

"Dr. Jensen, who is now 71, is coming with us to Iron Range," Mr. Bleechmore said. "He is a weather expert, and spends a lot of time with Inigo Jones."

"He has forecast two dry seasons, which should help the construction work."

Third member of the exploring party last year was Eddie Lee, a 34-year-old prospector, who attended the Charters Towers School of Mining, and who has remained at Buthen Buthen field.

There are four or five prospectors at Buthen Buthen who have been working the gold by primitive methods, then taking it by packhorse to Coen, 85 miles away, a five-day trip.

They make this trip every three months and bring back their supplies.

"They never get ahead of themselves," Mr. Bleechmore said. "When we have modern machinery it will be a different story."

One of the new shareholders

is an assayer and metallurgist, and he will establish a laboratory on the field.

The company will take the gold by road to the airstrip at Iron Range.

The Buthen Buthen field was discovered by prospector Tom Preston in 1909.

He lived at Buthen Buthen for the next six years, alone most of the time, although a few other prospectors drifted in and left.

Growing discouraged, Preston moved from one field to another until 1931, when he went back to Buthen Buthen.

He stayed there until he died in 1948, aged 80. His simple grave is near the mine-shaft.

At present there is only a track from Buthen Buthen to the Iron Range airstrip, and one of the most urgent jobs will be to improve it.

The climate is milder in the valley of the Nesbitt than in other parts of the Cape, and there is a continuous sea-breeze.

Temperature is rarely over 90.

"Eventually we shall have to think about a school and other community amenities," Mr. Bleechmore said. "We don't want to go there just to make money and get out. We want to develop the country."

T.B. POSTER AND SEAL CONTESTS



Hundreds of inquiries are being received from all States about the Christmas seal and tuberculosis poster design competitions being conducted by the Australian Tuberculosis Association.

PRIZES of 50 guineas will be awarded to the best entries in each section, with second prizes of 15 guineas and third prizes of five guineas.

Entries in both contests must reach the Australian Tuberculosis Association, Box 36, Rundle St. P.O., Adelaide, by August 31.

Specifications for designs for both contests may be obtained from the same address.

Designs will be judged by the Director of the National Gallery, Adelaide, Mr. R. R.

Campbell, and a panel of judges representing advertising and printing associations.

National vice-president of the Tuberculosis Association, Mrs. Lance Lewis, will also be a judge.

Schoolchildren are already sending in crayon sketches, and one 17-year-old girl who asked for advice about her entry said that she had no table in her room, so she had to draw her design on the floor.

Poster designs must show some aspect of the fight against T.B., and all must bear the double-barred red cross, which

is the badge of tuberculosis associations throughout the world.

Overall dimensions of the sketches must be 11in. wide by 8in. high, or an enlargement of that size.

The cross, which should be in bright poster-red, should occupy not more than one-half or less than one-third of the total height of the design.

Not more than four colors may be used in the poster. These should be in lighter tone to permit reproduction on screen slides, which are transparencies.

Colors may be varied to permit of lithographic reproduction as posters.

Each poster should carry an anti-T.B. slogan of not more than 15 words.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF A WOOL SPRING



TWO FOR SUITS

The Box Jacket Suit has little-boy charm — lends itself to the "wool separates" plan. Navy or grey flannel — or checked top, plain skirt. Dior's Oval Tailleur, bias cut in grey worsted, has low-set godets in skirt for easy movement.



TWO FOR ENSEMBLES

American Bonnie Cashin makes this shell-neck-lined dress with a reversibly lined coat in lightweight wool jersey. Ensembles are seen in all collections. Again — Dior! Oval jacket over collarless suit in pepper-and-salt tweed, trimmed black grosgrain, shiny black buttons.



TWO FOR TOP DRESSING

The Tunic Coat is established. Have it in bright wool tweed, belted or just buttoned. Vogue Pattern No. 7276 available in leading Australian stores now. The Diagonal and Oblique lines follow through the Spring collections. This little topper is good in a gay fleece.

WOOL IS THE BEST VALUE MONEY CAN BUY
for fashion-rightness ..
lovelier colours and patterns ..
drapability and firm textures ..
wrinkle-resistance and that lasting "good" look

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR WOOL

The King

● Public anxiety in Britain and throughout the Commonwealth at the decline in the King's health has emphasised the depth of affection in which he is held. The toast "The King," uttered on countless occasions, has a new significance as millions add mentally the old prayer—"God Bless Him." Here the King is taking the salute from Yeomen of the Guard.





DANCING AT POLO BALL. Leslie Clayton, of Gold Creek, Ginniderra, and Bill Sizer, of Booroowa, were among the dancers at the Canberra polo ball. Leslie wore a strapless gown of broderie anglaise.

Social Gittings

THIS has been a week of celebrations of national days. Canada started the ball rolling on Monday night followed by America and the Philippines, who both celebrated last Wednesday night with festivities in Sydney and in the federal capital, Canberra.

Wife of the U.S. Ambassador, Mrs. Pete Jarman, had a hectic week preparing for the Fourth of July party at the Embassy, when she and her husband entertained 1000 guests.

Tables in the Embassy kitchens groaned under the weight of turkeys, hams, and mounds of caviar. It looked as if there was enough to feed the whole of Canberra. It's been a busy week altogether for the Jarmanas, as they have been entertaining William C. Bullitt, former Ambassador to France and Russia. Mr. Bullitt was a guest at the Embassy during his short holiday in Australia.

Consul-General for the United States, Mr. Donald Smith, and Mrs. Smith asked 500 guests from the foreign diplomatic and consular corps and American residents to a

late afternoon reception at their house in Darling Point to celebrate their national day in good American style.

Some of their guests went on to dine at the American Club before attending the annual ball given by the American Society at the Trocadero.

One of the gayest parties of the week was the buffet dinner-party given by the Russell Hauslaib. Theirs was a "warmer-upper" for the Fourth and given the night before at their Point Piper home. Among their guests were the Minister for the Philippines and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Roberto Regala, who gave a reception at their home on Wednesday afternoon to celebrate Philippine Independence Day.



CANBERRA PARTY. Mr. W. M. Hughes with his hostess, Mrs. John McEwen, wife of the Minister for Commerce (left), and Mrs. Robert Menzies, wife of the Prime Minister, at party given by Mrs. McEwen for Mrs. Menzies. Mr. Hughes and Mr. McEwen were only male guests.



FAREWELL PARTY. British Council representative in Australia, Sir Angus Gillan, and Lady Gillan, who are leaving for England soon, were farewelled at a reception given by the Arts Council and the Australian Broadcasting Commission at the Rural Bank on Monday. With them is singer Angela Parselles (Mrs. H. Tronster).



SOLICITOR MARRIES. Geoffrey See and his bride, formerly Una Wai-Yin Hing, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hing, of Vaucluse, leave St. Mark's Church by car.



LONDON WEDDING. Dr. Wilfred Carey and his bride, who were married recently at the Savoy Chapel, London. Bride, formerly Judith Thompson, daughter of Charles Thompson, of Pymble, and Mrs. Thompson, of Edgecliff.

SEARCHING for sunnier climes, newly married John and Beth Knight are touring the northern rivers and Queensland. After a month's honeymoon, they will make their home on John's property, "Greenvale," Grenfell. Beth is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Caldwell, of Borenore.



CASUALTY. Pete Johnston, who broke his arm at practice match, and was then unable to play with the Molonglo team, at Canberra polo ball with Joan Wilkinson, Sydney; Loreli Carstens, Canberra; and Hamilton Hume, Booroowa.



WED IN BRISBANE. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Parmentier and their attendants Roslyn Rhodes (left), Greg McNamee, Adrienne Gamin, Elizabeth Rhodes, and Jim Garnsey. Bride's parents are Captain and Mrs. E. C. Rhodes. Paul is son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Parmentier, Mosman.

PRIME MINISTER Mr. Robert Menzies made a great hit at the Canberra Polo Carnival when he presented the prizes to the winning teams. "Polo is very like politics," he said. "You need a good seat, a firm grip, and you must be able to hit hard."

The Gidleigh Cup went to the winning Goulburn team and the Canberra Cup to runners-up, Molonglo team.

Both the P.M. and Mrs. Menzies celebrated with the team and quaffed champagne from the winning cup.

Their daughter, Heather, and some Melbourne guests were kept spectators at each of the three days' play. Heather plays polocrosse.

A CHRISTENING robe one hundred and thirty years old and made by the baby's maternal great-great-grandmother will be worn by Mary Elizabeth Rose Jenneret when she is christened this Saturday by Archdeacon Hulme Moir at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. D. L. Wilkinson, of Wollstonecraft. The child's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Jenneret, of Manima, Forbes, will help receive the guests, and godparents will be Mrs. Jenneret's sister, Mrs. M. T. Arrow-smith, Mrs. Frank King, Maffra, Cooma, and Ben Rose, Dalgety.



CELEBRATION. Mrs. C. M. Croft (left) greets Mrs. Vincent Fairfax at cocktail party at the Pickwick Club when Canada's National Day was celebrated.

CONGRATULATIONS on all sides at party given by Mrs. E. J. Murphy, of Forbes, when she entertained at her home to celebrate the announcement of the engagement of her son Paul to Betty McKillop, and her son David's return from his honeymoon with his bride. Betty, who is an ex-trainee of the Mater Hospital, North Sydney, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McKillop, of Myall Mundi, Trangie.

Anne

Home Handicrafts

★ All women — and most men — like making things to beautify their homes. The many money-saving ideas given in this supplement will prove helpful to all.



TWIN WALL-TABLES on the glassed-in verandah of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Colefax's home at Northbridge, N.S.W., serve many purposes besides acting as a buffet. Directions for making the tables are on page 30. Below are the directions for covering the seats of the stools.

Hinged wall-tables are attractive space savers and serve many purposes. Home carpenters will find them easy to make.

THE wall-table is specially useful on the glassed-in back verandah which is a feature of many Australian homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Colefax, of Northbridge, N.S.W., resolved to turn their all-purpose verandah into a colorful spot for meals, for reading and sewing, and for entertaining buffet style.

Mr. Colefax hit upon the idea of erecting twin hinged tables to the long window-sill. One or both can be used as required and dropped when not in use.

Instructions for making the tables will be found on page 30.

Dress up your chairs

CHAIR-SEAT cushions like those in the lower picture on this page can be quickly made. They will vary with the size and shape of your chairs, so first cut a pattern from paper.

To do this, lay the paper on the seat and mark around the edge with pencil or chalk. Cut it out and check for size.

Then, using your pattern as a guide, cut out wadding for filling.

Next cut out the lining and cushion-cover, allowing for seams and filling, and using the material on the double.

Sew up the sides of the lining, leaving a 6-in. vent for stuffing. Pack in the filling, distribute evenly, and sew up.

Sew up the cushion-cover, leaving the back open, slip in the cushion and sew up.

Frilling, made from 3-in. to 4-in. wide strips, should measure twice the circumference of the chair. Join, and make a narrow hem at the bottom and a draw-string top with heading; thread with tape, draw in, and attach to chairs at intervals with upholstery tacks.

How to cover stools

STAND stool upside down on a sponge-rubber pad the same size as the stool top and a circle of calico about 18-in. in diameter.

Bring the calico under the stool seat, pleat where necessary, and attach it with furniture tacks, leaving a 5-in. opening. Stand the stool upright and spread kapok or flock evenly on the rubber pad.

Finish tacking the calico, then tack on the cover material. Topsew a 3-in. deep contrasting strip on to the base edge of cover, pulling firmly.

Ease the material at the top and topsew the strip on to the cover material.

Under-cover, top-cover, and trim may be removed for washing.

A remnant of the material used for the curtains in the room is a most effective trim for the stools.

KITCHEN OR BREAKFAST - NOOK CHAIRS (right) look twice as inviting plumped with cushions and finished with a flounced frill. (Instructions on this page.)





Crippled six months ago —now walks without aid Thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

If you are suffering, read this human story: "I have been taking your Menthoids and am pleased to say have had wonderful results. Six months ago, I was unable to get about without a stick, and I could not get down stairs without dragging the bad leg on the same stair. Now I can go up and down without having to hold on to anything."

I had been in hospital with it, had electric treatment and had given up when I read about your treatment in a women's magazine of a lady who could not get around. I got results from the first bottle."



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too, if you are one of the thousands of Australians who suffer from Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches, and Simple High Blood Pressure.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids Treatment acts: In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Menthoids help drive out the poisons from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no harmful drugs. They are a tried and proven family treatment. Give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Aches and pains disappear—you'll gain youthful energy and a new lease on life. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day!



Start a course to-day

Dr. Mackenzie's
Menthoids
6'6 and 3'6
everywhere

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS
for Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Kidneys and Bladder

M91

CURTAINS must be made well to look well no matter what their material. The treatment at left shows how a matching valance successfully ties together three windows. The grace of full-length curtains is obtained by carefully placing the rings so that the folds fall evenly. The centre picture shows a French heading and no valance. Right, full-length curtains fall from beneath a box cornice. The net curtains end correctly at the bottom of the sill.

Spare the rod...and spoil the curtains

Successful curtaining means more than hanging a few yards of material from a bar at the top of a window.

CURTAINS which hang limp and draggled from a weak rod with badly sewn or badly spaced rings spoil the whole effect.

You must pay as much attention to hanging your curtains as you do to choosing your colors and patterns and to having them made up. Here's how:

- The rod must be placed so that the window-frames are entirely covered or entirely exposed—no half-way measures.

There are many types of rods. Brass rods are good because they do not bend, the

rings slip easily on them, and the rods can be run through a heading of the finest material without damage.

Flat extension rods, which can extend to five feet, carry the heavy side drapes. Smaller "inside" rods are used for the lighter curtains which go against the window-pane.

- For curtains which are to be drawn back and forth there are special fixtures consisting of rails with runners and rings to which the curtains are attached by hooks.

A pulley and cord enable the curtains to be drawn across or back with a single pull on the cord-weight which hangs at one side, without touching the curtains themselves.

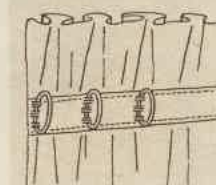
This attachment is hidden

from view by a valance or box cornice.

When the curtains are cut and sewn they are ready for the rings. Whether the curtains are to have a valance, box cornice or decorative heading will decide the type of rings to use and how they should be attached.

- Curtains hanging from beneath a valance or box cornice should have the rings attached close to the top of a small heading (and be reinforced with webbing, which saves curtain material) so that the rings slide freely.

If the curtains are pleated or have French headings, the rings are attached to the webbing, which is placed about 24 inches from the top of the heading.



RINGS (above left), sewn by hand or inserted in ruffle-tape (right) and evenly spaced 1½ to 2 in. apart help the fall of the curtains when sewn by hand. Each ring should be sewn in three places, and the material bent slightly to the curve of the ring, giving both ring and curtain head good support. There are specially shaped rings (centre sketch) for this purpose called tidy tops.



INTERIOR DECORATOR Nora McDougall shows how side drapes may be hung on a short rod attached to the valance-board. The glass curtains are headed on one continuous rod bent to the curve of a rounded wall.

It is essential that the rings be securely sewn and spaced so that the curtain falls in even folds without sagging between the rings and causing the heading to sag with it.

There are broken or split rings through which the pocket of the ruffle tape slips, thus holding the ring in place with-

out sewing; there are hooks to slip into the tape pockets, which are then hooked to the rings on the rod; and there are hooks with specially long necks which project right into the curtain heading, holding it permanently upright.

- Hooks and rings are good if the curtains are made to

go on the rod under a valance, and save much time and sewing.

Drawstrings of ruffle-tape left to dangle are unsightly. They should be pulled to the required window width and the slack wound on a small square of cardboard and slipped under the tongue of the end hook.



NEW LIFE to a chair and charm to a room are given by a home-tailored slip-cover.



SOFT CORD placed within the bias material forms a welt (left). At right is shown how the welt is placed between the seams for sewing.



SLIP-COVERS are best cut on the chair. Before cutting, pin carefully and mould the material to the curves of the chair (left). Nine-inch tuck-ins along the back and sides of seat will keep the cover neat and tidy when in use (centre). At right: Nora McDougall shows how the back side-seam is left open to insert a zipper or hooks and eyes to allow the cover to slip on easily and give a firm, smooth appearance when closed.

Shabby chairs take to cover

Re-covering a chair is not a difficult job. All you need is the patience to follow the instructions which are given below by Nora McDougall, lecturer on interior decoration.

MEASURE each chair carefully to find how much material you need.

Or you can fill in the measurements on the little drawings at right.

Decide before buying whether you want a pleated, gathered, or plain "skirt."

Gathers are pretty in soft cottons and rayons. Heavier materials are better for pleats or straight skirts with inverted pleats at the corners.

If you have never cut a slip-cover before, try cutting a few patterns from newspaper to gain confidence. But it is better to cut the slip-cover direct from the material fitted over the chair rather than from a pattern.

Any type of upholstered chair can be successfully

covered if the cutter treats each part as a separate unit: (1) back, (2) seat, (3) arms, (4) scrolls, and (5) skirt.

Start with the fabric at the top of the chair and cut the front first, remembering to place the fabric right side down on the chair so that the pinned seams are all ready for stitching.

For quick cutting, fold the fabric back from the centre, as shown in the illustration in the bottom left-hand corner.

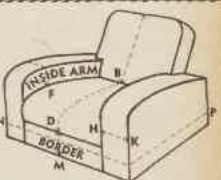
Allow a 9 in. tuck-in at the bottom of the back and at the back and sides of the seat.

Pin the material to the upholstery seams or chair binding. Push the pins part-way in, to act as cutting guides. Leave ample allowance for seams. Mould the material to the chair.

For the arms, first pin the material along E (see diagrams above, right), bringing the fabric over the rounded arm and down to the seat level at F. Allow 9 in. for tuck-in and cut off.

Leave each piece in place on the upholstery and pin it in raw-standing seams to the neighboring piece as it is cut. Cut the entire slip-cover this way, with the exception of the skirt or flounce.

The skirt, whether pleated, gathered or straight, is made separately and completely finished with bottom hem (and



MEASURE your chairs according to the diagrams above, and at left, fill in and take to your salesman for correct assessing of material required. Measure: (1) outside back, A to C; (2) outside arms, E to G; (3) skirt or frill, N to P; (4) border frill, D to M; (5) inside back, A to B; (6) inside arms, E to F; (7) seat, B to D; (8) facing, H to K.

pleats or gathers) before it is attached to the slip-cover itself.

Leave an opening in the back side-seam of the slip-cover for a zipper or hooks and eyes; this also applies to the cushion cover.

Decorative touches may be added at the main seams. The most popular is the welled or piped seam. This is made with a round, soft, white cord covered by a bias strip of the cover material (or a contrasting color), 1½ in. wide, and sewn close to the cord with a piping or welting foot on the machine.

This welt is easy to insert into the pinned slip-cover, after you take it from the chair. The cord part should show neatly on the right side and the raw edges on the wrong side.

GENERAL HINTS

- 30 in. wide material is the most economical.

- If the pattern is large, make certain that it is well centred and properly balanced on the

chair. Or, if a large floral design is used, see that the motif comes in the middle of the back, seat, and sides.

- If the material is striped be sure the stripes run straight and true.

- Be sure to spread the fabric right side down on chair before cutting so that the pinned seams are all ready for sewing.

- For any "chunky" modern armchair, cording makes an attractive seam finish. Piping (fold of bias fabric), without cord, looks interesting on a more delicate-looking curved armchair. Either finish gives a more "important" effect than plain seams.

- If pieces have to be joined, press the seams with a warm iron. This makes the joins almost invisible.

- See that the pleats are equally spaced and placed, starting with the centre front of skirt.

Reading in Bed-

HERE ARE 7 WAYS TO MAKE IT MORE ENJOYABLE



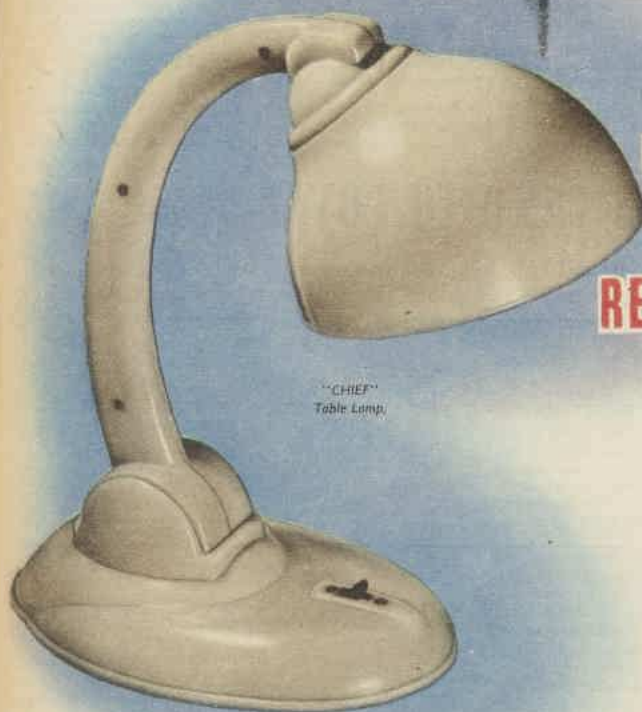
"PRINCESS"
Clip-on Bedlamp.



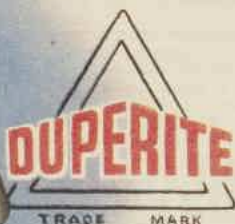
"CORONET"
Clip-on Bedlamp.



"PRINCE"
Clip-on Bedlamp.



"CHIEF"
Table Lamp.



READING LAMPS



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Gracefully styled and cleverly designed so that light will fall just where you want it, Duperite Reading Lamps are marvels of neatness and convenience. Each model is made in a range of pastel colours - there's one to suit your bedroom. Ask your usual electrical dealer to show them to you - you'll be pleased at their moderate prices which represent Australia's finest value in home lighting.

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PRACTICAL qualities of this woolen rug in simple crochet will appeal to homemakers. Notice its useful shape, and keep in mind the fact that you can make it in any colors.



BOYS APPRECIATE colorful rugs, too, so make this inexpensive rug for your son's bedside. It will provide a cosy landing-ground for him on winter mornings.

Crocheted all-purpose rug is cosy and easy to make

This attractive wool rug in crochet will find a place in many rooms of your home, especially during the cold, grey days of winter.

MADE in colors to tone with your color scheme, it gives an opportunity to use up left-over wools.

Materials: 14 skeins "Koo-ha" fingering wool (the only wool that should be used), shade No. 2346 (tan); 12 skeins shade No. 2103 (blue); 7 skeins shade No. 2165 (fawn); 1 crochet hook No. 11.

Measurements: Width along straight edge, 45in.; depth down centre, 23in.

Tension: 14 d.c. to 2in. in width.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain;

d.c., double crochet; sl-st., slip-stitch.

Directions

USING tan wool, work 7 ch., and join into a ring with a sl-st., then work in loop-st. as follows:

1st Row: * Insert hook into first st., wind wool twice over hook and round 1st finger of left hand, and over hook again. Draw through all 3 loops, wool over hook again, and draw through all loops on hook (this completes 1 loop-st.), rep. from * 6 times more, turn with 1 ch.

2nd Row: Work 2 d.c. in each of first 6 sts., 1 d.c. in last, turn with 1 ch.

3rd Row: Work in loop-st., working 1 loop-st. in each d.c., turn with 1 ch.

4th Row: * 1 d.c. in first st., 2 d.c. in next st., rep. from * 5 times more, 1 d.c. in last st., turn with 1 ch.

5th Row: Work in loop-st.

6th Row: * 1 d.c. in each of first 2 sts., 2 d.c. in next st., rep. from * 5 times more, 1 d.c. in last st., turn with 1 ch.

7th Row: Work in loop-st.

8th Row: * 1 d.c. in each of first 3 sts., 2 d.c. in next st., rep. from * 5 times more, 1 d.c. in last st., turn with 1 ch.

9th Row: Work in loop-st.

10th Row: * 1 d.c. in each of first 4 sts., 2 d.c. in next st., rep. from * 5 times more, 1 d.c. in last st., turn with 1 ch. Cont. in this way, working 1 extra st. before inc. on every alt. row until 32 rows have been worked.

Still inc. as before, work in

the following order of colors: 4 rows tan and fawn used tog., 6 rows in blue, 10 rows in blue and tan used tog., 6 rows in tan, 6 rows in fawn, 4 rows in fawn and blue used tog., 10 rows in tan, 10 rows in blue, 6 rows in blue and fawn used tog., 4 rows in fawn, 6 rows in fawn and tan used tog., 4 rows in tan, 6 rows in tan and blue used tog., and 16 rows in tan. When the inc. row with 63 d.c. bet. each inc. has been worked, cont. without shaping until the last row of tan has been completed. Fasten off.

Finishing touches

WITH tan wool work 1 row of d.c. across straight edge of rug, then work 4 rounds of sl-st. all round rug to give it a firm edge. Pin into shape and press on the wrong side with a damp cloth. A lining of hessian or canvas will add to the durability of the rug and prevent it stretching.

PRETTY BEDROOM MATCHMATES

These pretty companion accessories for your bedroom—a decorated mirror, dressing-table skirt, and stool—are designed to match the machine-quilted spread illustrated on page 31.

THE dressing-table skirt or flounce is made to hang in full folds from a gathered heading attached to the cowl under the ledge of the table-top. It is covered by a shaped quilted pelmet, which is finished with an edging of ruching of the same material.

The skirt should be long enough just to clear the floor—usually 30 inches. Make it really full by cutting it $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as long as the sides to be skirted. Carry the skirt at least three-quarters of the way around, so there will be no ugly gap at the back.

Plan the material to fall correctly apart, so the drawers can open without obstruction.

The quilting is made on a wadding base and lined in the spread, but the quilted diamonds or squares of the pelmet are made smaller to be in scale with the size of the dressing-table.

The stool is similarly covered.

A plate-glass top covers the table and makes an ideal sur-

face for dressing-table paraphernalia.

A decorated mirror to match adds feminine charm to the room.

To make frame: Take a piece of the fabric and cut it in strips (across the width of the material) 3in. wide and double the circumference of the mirror.

Turn in the material on inside edge and stitch twice, the first stitching $\frac{1}{4}$ inch from the edge, and the next $\frac{1}{2}$ in. further in—or just far enough apart to permit a small cord or elastic to pass through to draw the material firmly to the required size.

Next, turn in the outside edge and gather to the size of the mirror circle. Then, gather the lace or net trimming and pin to the inside of the outer edge of material. Cut, on the bias, a 3in.-wide strip of lining fabric.

Crease and turn in both sides, sewing one and inserting the draw-string in the fold. Sew the lining neatly to the outer edge of the main fabric with the lace or net between them. Now slip it over



INTEREST AND HARMONY are given to a room by choice of fabric, color, and treatment. Above is a corner of a quilted spread, with a matching dressing-table and stool. The mirror is finished with a gathered edging of the same material.

the mirror edge and draw the cords tightly to hold it firmly in place.

The mirror wires may be

covered by plaiting pieces of the fabric, which are then taken in two straight lines to the picture rail.

For sleep that
GIVES YOU ENERGY



Drink delicious
BOURN-VITA
—it's as good as it tastes

A cup of Bourn-Vita before bed and you're all set for the kind of sleep that refreshes, restores strength, and fits you for another dynamic day. You're on top of the job all day—a jump ahead of your competitors, when your body and mind are getting all the rest they need.

Bourn-Vita is chockful of natural goodness—barley malt, eggs, full cream milk and chocolate—ingredients that give you the essential vitamins, calcium, iron, phosphorus that you need to maintain abounding health and vitality. Make it a rule—Bourn-Vita before bed!



Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

For sleep and energy

Oh! my sore throat!

Heat is Nature's method of relieving pain—and Wawn's Wonder Wool, a medicated cotton wool, is the proven method of creating "inner heat." A pad of Wawn's Wonder Wool provides welcome relief to winter colds, influenza, bronchitis and sore throats. It provides a full flow of energizing blood to the affected area—relieves congestion—quickly, conveniently and without drugs. Keep a packet handy this winter!



WAWN'S WONDER WOOL
for Chest Colds, Chills, Sciatica, Neuritis and Flu

New crochet makes flowers look real



WATER-LILIES nestling among leaves are used to decorate towels and washer and could also be worked on a bath-mat with good effect. The colors for mat can tone or be a contrast.

APPLE BLOSSOM DECORATES the table-mat or tray-cloth below. Once the crochet technique has been mastered very little skill in drawing is required to work out individual variations for your table linen.



House linen decorated with the new form of crochet which enables petals of flowers and figures to stand out from the backgrounds has become a vogue in America.

Illustrated on these pages are some of the most popular designs in the new crochet favored by American women.

THIS type of crochet offers endless opportunities to beautify table and other household linen, including towel sets and traycloths.

Petals stand out crisply from leaves, and the total effect is three-dimensional.

Crochet is a simple form of needlework, and all these designs are within reach of those who can do easy stitches, which only require a little practice to learn.

Here are the directions:

Water Lily—Bath Set

Materials: 4 balls shaded pink 884; Clark's Anchor Pearl Cotton No. 8, shades No. 778 green, 7 balls; No. 513 orange, 1 ball; No. 466 mid-rose, 1 ball; Milward's Archer steel hook No. 3 plus 18; 1 grey bath towel; 1 hand towel; 1 wash cloth.

FLOWER (make 5)

Large Petal—make 6 for each flower

Starting at centre with shaded pink, ch. 15.

1st Row: D.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, d.c. in next ch., half tr. in next ch., tr. in next ch., dbl. tr. in next 6 ch., tr. in next ch., half tr. in next ch., d.c. in next 2 ch. Now work in rounds as follows:—

1st Round: Ch. 3, d.c. in same place as last d.c. was made; working along opposite side of starting ch., d.c. in each ch. across. Ch. 3,

d.c. in each st. across, ending with sl-st. in ch.—3 sp.

2nd Round: Ch. 3, 4 tr. in same sp., tr. in each d.c. around, making 5 tr. in next ch.—3 sp., sl-st. in top of ch.—3.

3rd Round: D.c. in same place as sl-st., d.c. in next tr., in next tr. make d.c., ch. 3, and d.c., d.c. in each tr. around, making d.c. ch. 3 and d.c. in centre tr. of next 5-tr. group. Join and break off.

Small Petal—make 4 for each flower.

Work as for large petal until first round is completed. Break off.

Stamen—With orange ch. 10

1st Spoke: Thread over, insert hook in 3rd ch. from hook, draw loop through (thread over, insert hook in same ch., draw loop through) twice; thread over and draw through all loops on hook (clones knot made), sl-st. in next ch. and each ch. across.

2nd Spoke: Ch. 10, work as for first spoke, ending with sl-st. in same place as last sl-st. on first spoke.

Make 5 more spokes, ending each one same as second spoke. Break off.

BUD

(Make 7) with mid-rose work as for large petal until 1st round is completed.

2nd Round: 3 d.c. in same space as sl-st., d.c. in each d.c. around to next sp., d.c. in sp., ch. 4, d.c. in 4th ch. from hook (picot made), 2 d.c. in same sp., d.c. in each remaining d.c. around.

Join and break off.

STEM

Starting at long side with green (No. 778) ch. 20, d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook and in each ch. across. Break off.

LARGE LEAF (make 4)

Starting at centre with green (No. 778), ch. 15.

1st Row: D.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, half tr. in next ch., tr. in next ch., double tr. in next 9 ch., tr. in next ch., 5 half tr. in next ch.; working along opposite side of starting ch., make tr. in next ch., double tr. in next 9 ch., tr. in next ch., half tr. in next ch., d.c. in next ch., ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Skip first st., holding back on hook the last loop of each tr., make tr. in next 2 sts., thread over and draw through all loops on hook (1 tr. decreased); (2 tr. in next st.—1 tr. increased—tr. in next st.) 5 times; 2 tr. in each of next 5 sts., (tr. in next st., 2 tr. in next st.) 5 times; decrease one tr., tr. in next st., ch. 3, turn.

3rd Row: Skip first tr., dec. 1 tr., tr. in next tr. (2 tr. in next tr., tr. in next 2 tr.) 5 times; 2 tr. in each of next 6 tr. (tr. in next 2 tr., 2 tr. in next tr.) 5 times; tr. in next tr.,

● **Abbreviations:** Dbl. tr., double treble; half tr., thread over pull through, thread over and take off 3 stitches; ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sl-st., slip-stitch; sp., space.



A DAISY CHAIN adds spring atmosphere to a luncheon cloth. The white flowers would look equally attractive with linen of any pretty shade. The daisies are crocheted and are easily attached to the cloth. Here again you can vary the design to suit yourself and give your cloth individuality.

dec. 1 tr., tr. in top of turning-ch. ch. 3, turn.

Repeat from * across. Break off.

FRINGE

4th Row: Skip 1st tr., dec. 1 tr., * tr. in next 3 trs. 2 tr. in next tr. Repeat from * across to within last 3 sts., dec. 1 tr., tr. in top of turning-ch. ch. 1, turn.

Cut 5 strands of green, each 8in. long. Double these strands to form a loop, insert hook in ch.—3 space, draw loop through. Draw loose ends through loop and pull up tightly to form a knot. Make a fringe in each ch.—3 space across. Pick up 5 strands of first fringe and 5 strands of second fringe and make a knot in down and in centre between 2 previous knots. Pick up remaining strands of second fringe and first 5 strands of next fringe and knot as before. Continue in this manner across. Trim ends evenly.

5th Row: Skip 1st tr., d.c. in next tr., half tr. in next tr., dec. 1 tr., tr. in next tr., * 2 tr. in next tr., tr. in next 3 tr. Repeat from * around to within last 5 sts., dec. 1 tr., half tr. in next tr., d.c. in next tr.

Now, working across top, make d.c. closely across to centre. Sl-st. in centre, ch. 7, sl-st. in 2nd ch. from hook and each ch. across, sl-st. in same place on leaf, d.c. closely around remainder of leaf. Join and break off.

Make edging and fringe on opposite end of each towel in same way. Join and break off.

WASH-CLOTH EDGING

Work as for large leaf until 3 rows are completed.

Attach green to any corner and work around as for edging on towel. Join and break off.

SMALL LEAF

4th Row: Now working across top, complete as for large leaf.

Apple Blossom Cloth
Materials: 1 skein Clark's Anchor Stranded cotton, brown, 479; 1 ball of Clark's Anchor Pearl cotton No. 8, shaded pink, 884; 1 ball of Pearl cotton, shaded yellow, 901; 1 ball of Pearl cotton No. 8, dark brown, 479; Milward steel hook 3 plus 18; 1 piece of pink organdie 12 x 18in.

Stretch petals and press. Sew large and small petals together to form water-lily. Sew stamen to centre. Sew water-lilies, buds, and leaves in place.

APPLE BLOSSOM (make 12)
Starting at centre with pink—hook 3 plus 18, ch. 10. Join with sl-st. to form ring.

EDGING

Mark off 1in. spaces across towel 4in. from lower edge. 1st Row: Attach green at first mark, make 2 d.c., ch. 3, and 2 d.c. in same mark. * d.c. in next mark, in next mark make 2 d.c., ch. 3, and 2 d.c.

Now work petals individually as follows:

First Petal: 1st Row: 2 d.c. in next 5 d.c., ch. 1, turn.

2nd Row to 7th Row: Incl. d.c. in each d.c. across. Ch. 1, turn. Do not turn at end of 7th row.

Second Petal: Sl-st. in end d.c. of each row.

Next Row: 2 d.c. in next 5 d.c. on centre. Ch. 1, turn. Work as for first petal. Complete other petals to correspond.

Make a narrow hem around outer edge of organdie. Using 3 strands of stranded cotton, embroider blanket-stitch round outer edge of mat. Embroider a French knot between each bar of blanket-stitch.

STEM

Using brown Pearl cotton doubled, hook 3 1/2 steel, a larger hook, make a ch. 6in. long, make 6 lengths of ch. each 3in. long, and 5 lengths each 4in. long.

Sew these chs. to mat to form a branch as shown in illustration, sew an apple blossom to end of each stem. With yellow make a ch. 2in. long, sew to centre of apple blossom, making 5 loops (for stamens). Complete all flowers in this manner. Starch lightly and press.

Daisy Luncheon Set

Materials: 2 balls Coats' Mercer Crochet No. 50 white; Milward's

steel hook, size 6; 1yd. of linen (lemon).

PLACE D'OYLEY (make 2)

Motifs (make 106)
Starting at centre, ch. 7, join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Round: Make 24 d.c. in ring, sl-st. in first d.c.

2nd Round: Attach a new piece of thread, and, working over original thread, make 9 d.c. over it. Ch. 1, turn. * Make d.c. in next 9 d.c., picking up the back loop only of each d.c. and working over original thread in order to conceal it, skip 1 d.c. on ring, d.c. in next d.c., concealing original thread as before (one petal made), ch. 1, turn. D.c. in each of next 4 d.c. on last petal, picking up front loop of each d.c. only and working over original thread; now make 5 d.c. over original thread (9 d.c. in all), ch. 1, turn. Repeat from * until 12 petals in all are made. Skip 1 d.c. on ring, d.c. in next d.c., ch. 1, turn.

Cut off original thread and join the first and last petals together by slip-stitching together the last 4 d.c. at base of both petals. Break off.

Cut a piece of yellow linen 12in. in diameter.

Starch motifs lightly and press, pin 30 motifs in place along outer edges of linen. Work in blanket-stitch along inner edge of motifs, thus forming scallops. Cut off excess linen.

How to launder your crochet

TO preserve the fresh beauty of your crocheted house linens it is advisable not to boil them.

Wash them quickly in a bowl with warm water and suds of pure soap.

Do not include them in the general wash. Strong laundry soaps should never be used on colored threads.

Rub the soiled parts gently on the wrong side, but avoid using friction on the embroidery.

Rinse thoroughly in clear water. Squeeze, but do not wring.

Spread the article on a thick towel and roll up tightly until it is dry enough to iron on the wrong side.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER D'OYLEY (make 2)

Cut a piece of linen (yellow) 6in. in diameter. Pin 14 motifs in place along outer edges and finish as for place d'oyley.

GLASS D'OYLEY (make 2)

Cut a piece of linen (yellow) 4in. in diameter. Pin 9 motifs in place along outer edges and finish as for place d'oyley.

Table-lamps. for elegance

With a little ingenuity and at very low cost beautiful and expensive-looking table-lamps can be made to accent your rooms with light and color.

MANY things can be used to make a lamp base—liqueur bottles, fish bowls, and old-fashioned vases are ideal.

All that are required in addition are a push-bar lamp-holder and a few yards of flex. In the case of the open-necked vase, the top can often be plugged with a large cork or a rubber bath-plug and the holder inserted through the centre and held with a washer.

A hole is drilled through one side of the vase near the base for the flex. If the top opening is too large to plug, a bakelite or chrome electric light gallery, obtainable from any electrical store, will clamp over the opening quite effectively.

Illustrated on this page is an ingenious lampshade which cost less than 10/-.

The base was made by threading discarded china ornaments from an old brass bedstead on to a hollow steel rod grooved at the top to take a push-bar lamp-holder and set into a machine-turned wooden base.

Many variations of this idea can be achieved.

THE ballerina style of lampshade is ideal for a long-stemmed lamp.

It's easy to make and provides endless scope for expressing your own ideas in materials and

trimming. The skirt of the shade illustrated was built on an inexpensive polka-dotted parchment shade. The shade, finished with a braided top and base, was bought from a chain store.

Materials required: One 10in. diameter lampshade in pastel pink transparent Swedish parchment (the same store had smaller and larger sizes in pastel blue, green, and gold), 4yds. of wide taffeta ribbon, and 2yd. organdie.

Divide the organdie into three, cut, and join to make one long strip; then make a 2in. hem.

This strip is slightly wider than the depth of the shade. The ribbon is then stitched down flat about 2in. from the base of the hemmed strip.

Now join sides, making a flat seam.

Gather the unfinished edge and stitch the "skirt" to the braid at the top edge of the parchment shade.

Gather the remaining ribbon on both edges to make a ruffled collar for the shade, and sew to the top.

A ribbon bow can be added, and an artificial flower tucked into the bow for extra glamor.



LOVELY BALLERINA shade is easy to make.



CHINA BEDSTEAD ornaments were used for the slim, delicate stem of this lamp-base.



A SECTION of a hinged wall-table can be used to hold a vase, or for sewing. The section not in use can be dropped to provide more space.

FOLLOW THE DIAGRAM at right in conjunction with the directions below to make the hinged-tables shown in color on page 23.

Wall-tables

Continued from page 23

Materials required for twin tables hinged to a 7in. wide sill:

Table Top: Two pieces 48in. x 14in. x 1in. maple or plywood. (See A in diagram.)

Distance Board: One piece of 8ft. x 1 1/2in. x 1 1/2in. oregon. (See B in diagram.)

Facing Board: One piece 8ft. x 6in. x 1in. oregon. (See E in diagram.)

Swinging Supports: Four pieces of 14in. x 3in. x 1in. maple. (See D in diagram.)

Packing Blocks: Four pieces of 3in. x 1 1/2in. x 1 1/2in. oregon. (See F in diagram.)

Hinges: Five pairs 3in. hinges.

Screws: (a) 1in. x 10-gauge for hinges; (b) 2in. x 10-gauge for distance piece and facing board.

The facing board (E) is first attached to the wall below the window-sill (C). It is then secured by 2in. x 10-gauge screws to wall plugs and

butted up against the under surface of the window-sill.

Next, the distance board (B) is secured to the edge of the sill. The distance board enables the table flaps, when required, to hang clear of the swinging hinged supports.

The supports, when swung flush against the facing board, present a thickness of 1in. Therefore, the distance board must be at least 1in. wide. If the sill has an overhang greater than the thickness of the facing board, the width of the distance board may be varied accordingly.

The table tops (A) are hinged to the distance board. The hinged supports (D) are secured to the facing board, two to each flap, about 8in. from each end. They are hinged so as to fold towards the centre of each flap. Finally, the packing blocks (F) are secured to the under surface of the table at points coinciding with the tips of the extended supports.

Jim was a HERMIT—till I broke his life-time habit!

MUST WE ENTERTAIN THE MORGAN'S TONIGHT?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU THESE DAYS?

I DON'T FEEL UP TO IT... I'VE GOT ANOTHER DULL HEADACHE.

THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE—ALWAYS TAKING THIS AND THAT! JIM...I'M GOING TO MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH DR. BLACK—AND YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP IT!

MR. WILSON, YOU'VE BEEN FORCING YOUR SYSTEM... BUT YOU CAN BE REGULAR WITHOUT MEDICINES... I'LL TELL YOU HOW.

YOUR HUSBAND IS A WONDERFUL HOST, MRS. WILSON!

Read what the Doctor told Mr. Wilson—

"YOUR HEALTH DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU EAT—EVERY DAY. TODAY'S SOFT, OVER-COOKED FOODS OFTEN LACK THE VITAL BULK YOUR SYSTEM NEEDS FOR REGULAR ELIMINATION. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES SMOOTH-ACTING BULK WHICH HELPS PREPARE INTERNAL WASTES FOR EASY, GENTLE AND NATURAL ELIMINATION. YOU DON'T NEED MEDICINES."

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DELICIOUS THIS WAY...

Kellogg's All-Bran has a toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran today and discover what regularity REALLY means! Sold at all grocers.

Two bedspreads and a simple teacloth

Hand-made patchwork quilts and machine-quilted bedspreads which you make for yourself bring rich color and a touch of luxury to a bedroom.

Patchwork cover

PATCHWORK quilts may be made of either silk or cotton patches, but never both. These quilts last a lifetime and give endless pleasure because of their gay colors.

Mrs. G. Sandford, of Potts Point, Sydney, who made the beautiful patchwork bedspread at the right, says that she finds the work irresistible.

To make her patchwork she used plain and printed silks, satins, velvets, and brocades. Handling and matching the pretty materials was a delight in itself, she said.

New materials should be used. Though quilt-makers are often tempted to include used materials, this is never wise. However good the used materials seem to be, they wear quickly and look shabby against new pieces.

It is easy to interest family and friends in the enterprise of making a patchwork quilt. Work-baskets and sewing-drawers yield treasure trove of silken or cotton scraps.

Mrs. Sandford said her richest haul came from a fellow bus passenger, entranced by watching her stitch flowers together for her quilt.

Here are Mrs. Sandford's directions:—If possible use sheet metal to make a key disc from which to cut seven cardboard discs exactly the same size as those shown in the diagram. These form the petals and centres of the flowers, over which materials are tacked.

If you cut the key disc from cardboard it may lose its shape when you are cutting repeat discs.

Use cardboard of the thickness of a cigarette packet for the discs.

Unless damaged when removing tacks, the discs may be used over and over again.

A floral centre looks best with plain petals, or a plain centre with floral petals.

To give the design proper color balance, it is a good idea to make several flower motifs from the same fabric and space them at regular intervals from the centre.

All the joining is done on the wrong side by oversewing. Threads of any color may be used as the stitches don't show on the right side.

When cutting the pieces of material, allow at least $\frac{1}{4}$ in. for turning and joining. Tack closely to the edges of each cardboard pattern or disc.

To the piece chosen as the centre attach one edge of a petal and oversew it on the wrong side along a straight line. Repeat this until six petals are attached, then join the sides together.

As each flower is finished, place another completed one against it and oversew together. Remove the mounts as stitching is completed.

When sufficient flower motifs have been joined together the quilt can be lined. You can use moiré taffeta and allow for a 12 in. deep border. Mitre the corners for a neat finish.

To make an easier job of the lining process, don't remove the cardboard mounts from the outer edges of the spread until you have joined them to the lining by first tacking and then sewing down neatly on the wrong side.

Tea-table cover

IF you are a neat hand with a machine you can make a delicate organdie teacloth like the one below very quickly. Table napkins to match are useful accessories.

Materials required:—

- One and a quarter yards 36 in. pastel-colored plain organdie.
- Thirteen yards colored bias binding.
- Thirteen yards zig-zag braid.

Cut a 36 in. square of organdie for the cloth and use the remaining material for the napkins. You should get four, each 9 in. square.

Hem the cloth and the napkins with bias binding, and machine the zig-zag braid down the centre of the bias trim.

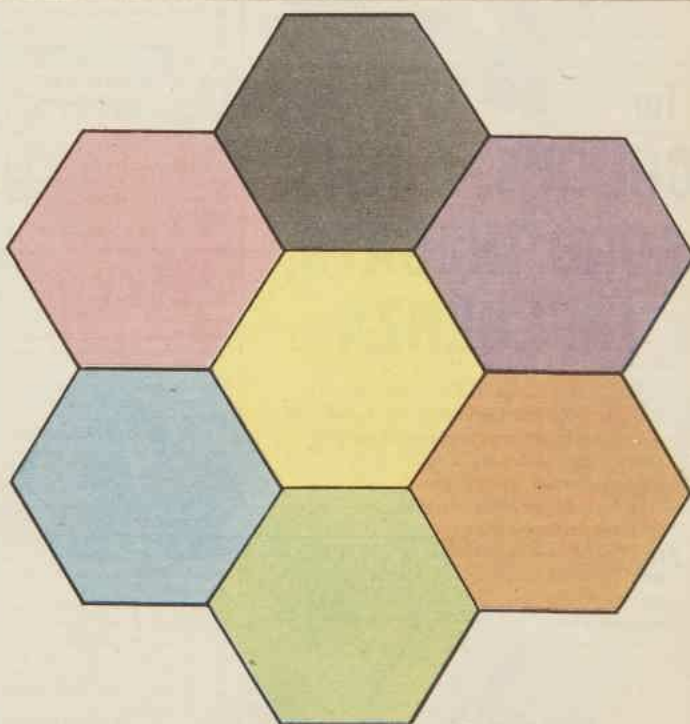
Draw on paper a true-lover's knot the size you want for the trim. The one illustrated has loops 7 in. long, measured from the centre of the knot, and 6 in. wide at the tops.

Mark the outline you have drawn on the cloth with chalk. The bows are sewn in the same way as the hem, with zig-zag tape down the centre of the binding.

Continued on page 32



THIS PATCHWORK QUILT won first prize at the Royal Easter Show, Sydney, this year. It was made by Mrs. G. Sandford, Potts Point, Sydney. Directions on this page. The diagram (below) is the actual size of one complete flower. Use any "disc" for key pattern.



WARM AND LIGHT, this quilted bedspread may be made on an ordinary sewing-machine fitted with a quilting foot. Directions for making this spread are given on page 32.

AN ORGANDIE CLOTH with napkins to match (right) is a perfect gift to take to a shower tea or a dainty addition to your own household linen. Directions for making are given above.



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(CONTAINING ANESTHESIN)



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SORE THROATS,
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Mothers! Be guided by your chemist who recommends Larynoids for relief and protection from sore throats, coughs, colds, 'flu, whooping cough, bronchitis and other winter ills.

The famous Larynoids formula contains instant-acting ANESTHESIN—a wonderful specific which stops pain and irritation instantly.



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AT ALL CHEMISTS

WHERE & HOW LARYNOIDS ACT!



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- 1 **THROAT:** A cold results from millions of infective germs multiplying in your throat. Larynoids kill their activity and prevent them spreading to the—
- 2 **PHARYNX:** This area, when infected by disease-spreading germs, becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids' soothing influence prevents infection spreading to you—
- 3 **LARYNX:** This is the seat of hoarseness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread to you—
- 4 **BRONCHIAL TUBES:** Here is the home of bronchitis and other such stubborn infections. Neglect to take Larynoids in time may affect your health.

Lk-142

Paris designer's bachelor flat

PARISIAN hat designer M. Jean Barthet has used black chicken wire as part of the wall decoration in his "garret" in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas.

His ideas on furnishing are as original as his ideas on hats, though the materials employed are vastly different.

For instance, under the stairs which lead from his sitting-room to his bedroom he has planted a garden and surrounded it with white gravel.

His apartment, a step from the Place de la Concorde, had previously been occupied for 50 years by a single lady who died at an advanced age.

When Jean Barthet first saw it, he found the dingy rooms nothing short of repulsive. But in Paris, as in most other parts of the world, a flat to let is a thing you don't turn your nose up at, even when the dust of ages lies thick within it.

Between dreaming up confections in ribbons and velvets and feathers and straws, Barthet let his mind run on paint and pile carpets, lighting, and what could be done with scraps of wrought iron and damaged crockery.

He finally decided on grey, green, and red velvet for the carpets.

Pictures on this page show how his plan turned out.

He used brightly colored rep for upholstery and window drapes. For furniture and decoration he combed second-hand dealers' shops.

It took time and, above all, imagination.

Rounded interlocked patterns in beading now decorate walls, doors, and mirrors. An ancient ivory patina enhances all the chairs, tables, and the 19th century piano.

Ivy gathered in the Bois de Boulogne spreads from soup bowls, baskets, and earthenware jars.

At least 40 small lights are concealed in the most unexpected places—behind a group of plates, in an osier cage, and on the trays of a pair of scales which serves as a light fixture in the kitchen.

At night, globes hung outside the windows under many-colored awnings spread a mysterious glow to provide perpetual "moonlight."



JEAN BARTHET, Parisian milliner, arranges his collection of keys in the front hall of his two-roomed apartment.

At one shop in the Flea Market, which is the area for second-hand dealers in Paris, M. Barthet was able to pick up two double-decked dingy occasional tables. He had them cut lengthwise, cleaned, and sanded. They were then treated to give the ancient ivory patina effect which M. Barthet seems to favor in furniture.

Then he had the bright idea of sawing them in two and attaching them to a wall as shown in the picture below.

M. Barthet also bought two large old-fashioned framed mirrors. He hung one on a wall in a strategic position to reflect the furnishings and accessories.

The other was hung above the mantelpiece. He painted the frames of both to match the wall.

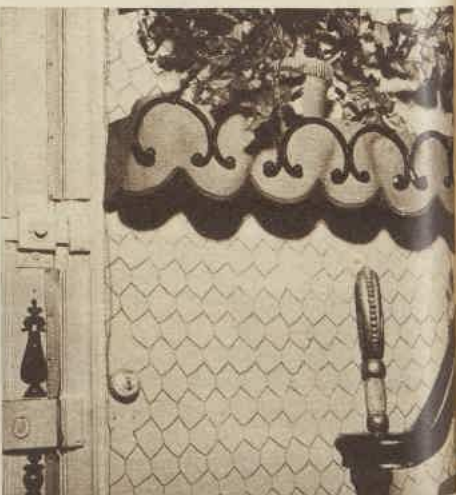
A wicker basket holding greenery is hung from the top centre of the wall mirror. Unusual candlesticks holding tall red candles flank the fireplace mirror.



FUTURISTIC PANELS in black decorate the wall of the hall below the window-sill. A wrought-iron chair fits into the scheme.



OCCASIONAL TABLES cut in two make an effective background for the display of china against contrasting walls.



IRON WALL-BRACKETS are covered with white linen curtains piped with black. Black chicken wire is the wall decoration.



LARGE MIRROR, strategically placed, reflects light and color and gives a spacious effect. Greenery is held by bracket.



A GARDEN under the staircase provides flowers and greenery. The chicken wire on the wall is a support for climbing plants.



LOVELY OLD WINDOWS from a bombed house were built into a wall and backed with material to simulate curtains.



JEAN BARTHE waters his indoor plants at the base of the attractive winding staircase. Balustrade is made of cedar.



THE "STUDY", decorated in blue, is a cosy little corner next to a window.



DECORATIVE IRONWORK makes a CONCEALED LIGHT in a niche under wall screen and guard for the bathroom.



The window casts a glow on old pieces.

MACHINE-QUILTED SPREAD Continued from page 31

TAFFETA, satin, or a floral glazed chintz may be used for quilted spreads. Materials required are:—

- Seven yards of 50in. material for the cover.
- Three-quarters of a yard for the full 2in. frill for trimming.
- Seven yards of 50in. casement cloth for lining.
- Nine yards of wadding 12in. wide.

TO MAKE: Cut the 7yds. of cover material into two pieces. Join carefully down the centre. Do the same with the lining, allowing for hems on both cover and lining. Tack cover

fabric to wadding, making diamonds or squares which you will follow on the machine. Quilting can be done on the ordinary machine, using a special quilting foot, but be careful to avoid the breaking or tearing of wadding in the sewing. Turn and hem edges of cover neatly by hand.

Next cut the 1yd. of cover fabric into 2in. strips, join pieces and hem, gather into frill and tack on all round before frilling is sewn on. Then tack the casement lining on to the back of cover, afterwards sewing it.

The quilt was made by Miss B. Broadsmith, of the Jewel Bedspread Co., Sydney.

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Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Brunette <input type="checkbox"/>
Reddish <input type="checkbox"/>	Water <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Olive <input type="checkbox"/>		Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Tan <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Deep Tan <input type="checkbox"/>	Mid <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey Hair <input type="checkbox"/>
1/2 Pale chest <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	at grey hair, check <input type="checkbox"/>
above & here <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
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The milled edge
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teeth—helps develop growing
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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Born Yesterday

THE most arresting feature about "Born Yesterday" (Columbia) is the scintillation of newcomer Judy Holliday, whose work in the film won for her the best actress of 1950 Academy Award.

Without Judy's unique, squeaky voice, her inflections and facial expressions, the picture would be just another comedy, with lavish clothes, luxurious backgrounds, and loud voices.

With her the clever script is given full comic expression.

In the beginning she is Billie, the beautiful, blonde, dumb fiancée of millionaire junk dealer Harry Brock (Broderick Crawford), but when Brock realises that she is a handicap to his social and business aspirations Billie is placed under the willing care of young journalist Paul Verall (William Holden) to acquire education.

Ensuing complications, caused partly by Billie becoming quite bright as well as suspicious of Brock's deals and partly by the romance that blossoms between teacher and pupil, are the sources of much merriment.

Broderick Crawford throws himself into his blistering role wholeheartedly, while Bill Holden stands up to him effectively with quiet firmness.

Howard St. John as Brock's adviser leads the supporting cast.

In Sydney—State.

★★ Odette

"ODETTE" is probably the most ambitious screen undertaking tackled by the Wilcox-Neagle outfit since the two "Victorias"; it is a tribute to gallantry, and those responsible have handled the theme with honesty and dispassion that verges on reticence.

The film is basically documentation—the record of what happened to Odette Sansom, a French woman living in England during World War II with three young daughters and separated from her English husband, after she is persuaded to undertake the dangerous mission of British agent in Occupied France.

Success as an operator under the leadership of British Captain Peter Churchill (Trevor Howard) ends in arrest, imprisonment, torture, and finally sentence of death, but through it all Odette clings to courage and faith.

Appreciation of this picture lies as much in the knowledge that events are real as in the unstudied, un-arty, and straightforward presentation.

In the title role Anna Neagle gives a performance that is sincere in detail and understanding. The fact that neither the star nor anyone else concerned is called upon to unlimber big emotional guns slows the film's tempo and gives an impression of flatness.

Trevor Howard is adequate and likeable as Peter Churchill, and roly-poly Peter Ustinov couldn't be bettered

as Armand, an agent who specialises in radio work.

I could not be convinced by Marius Goring's German Intelligence officer or by the stirrings of his conscience. In Sydney—Embassy.

★ Cry Danger

ALTHOUGH Dick Powell doesn't look like a man who has spent much time behind prison bars, he again proves himself efficient and self-assured in R.K.O.'s manhunt melodrama "Cry Danger."

His role of Rocky, an ex-convict released on new evidence after serving five years of a prison term on a framed robbery charge, is rugged enough to suit action fans and sufficiently smooth to interest others.

Conflict stems from a sleazy trailer-park set atop one of San Francisco's hilly streets, where Rocky finds Nancy (Rhonda Fleming), wife of the friend with whom he was convicted.

Big-time gambler Castro (William Conrad) is the framer and centre of Rocky's one-man blitz, and after some preliminary skirmishing between these two the plot settles down to the familiar pattern of fist and gun work and double dealing, with sceptical Police Lieut. Regis Toomey cropping up at quite the wrong moments to suit Rocky.

The whereabouts of the stolen hoard is finally revealed in circumstances that are by then not too surprising, and Rocky, his revenge complete, winds up events by heading downhill alone to meet friend Richard Erdman while police gather up the pieces. In Sydney—Plaza.

News from STUDIOS

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

BUSIEST actor in Hollywood now and for some time to come is likely to be Britain's Stewart Granger.

Currently starring in "North Country," a drama of the Canadian North-west Mounted Police, Granger will shortly start a new schedule at M.G.M., which finds him with four future assignments. Among them will be a remake of the old "Prisoner of Zenda," which starred Madeleine Carroll.

TRIBUTE to Raymond Massey's ability as an actor was evident when Warners summoned him clear across the United States from his New England farm home to play the top supporting role with James Cagney in "Come Fill the Cup." The studio pays Massey's travelling costs each time he makes a trip to report for a new film. This time Massey will play a hardboiled newspaper editor who helps Cagney crack a big case. The female lead as Cagney's wife goes to Phyllis Thaxter.

you won't
hear
yourself walk



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(WITH WATERPROOF, NON-SKID, "GROUND-GRIP" PUSSYLITE SOLE)

In great demand in many parts of the world, "Minnesota" pleases both for its smartly casual design and for its amazing new soling material.

"Pussylite" soles are resilient, non-skid, cushion-comfortable, rubber-light, leaf-cool —and tough as you could possibly need!



Pussylite Soles are fitted to Minnesota Sandals (shown here)

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"Ask your
Mother to
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NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 11, 1951



Three Lucky Stars



SPIRITED CALIFORNIAN Janet Leigh is cast as a Russian girl again in "Jet Pilot," R.K.O.'s technicolor drama. Experts on jet aircraft briefed co-star John Wayne on technical points.



SOUTHERN BEAUTY Ava Gardner won a film role that is very much to her taste, talent, and personality in M.G.M.'s remake of the operetta "Showboat," in which she plays the spectacular Creole girl Julie.

The Australian Women's Weekly
July 11, 1961



PIQUANT Jean Peters, from Ohio, the girl who exploded the Hollywood Cinderella fable, plays the role of Anne Bonney, girl pirate, in the Fox technicolor production of "Anne of the Indies." Louis Jourdan co-stars.

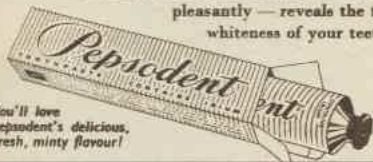
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PL 87 W102g



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are always good!



1 SINGING ambitions of Italian boy Enrico Caruso (Mario Lanza), right, are encouraged by his friend Fucito (Shepard Menken), but his employer, who is also his sweetheart's father, disapproves, dismisses him from job.



2 TRIUMPH of Enrico's first singing success at La Scala is marred when, on his return, his father (Mario Siletti) tells him that his sweetheart has been forced by her father to marry someone else.

THE GREAT CARUSO



3 ANTAGONISM of opera patron Park Benjamin (Carl Benton Reid) is incurred by Enrico when, going to New York, he is engaged to sing at the famous Metropolitan Opera House.

DRAMATISING the life and singing career of Enrico Caruso, M.G.M. have assembled in "The Great Caruso" an impressive operatic cast.

As Caruso, young film tenor Mario Lanza widens his singing experience by appearing with Metropolitan opera star Dorothy Kirsten, musical comedy and opera soprano Jarmila Novotna, and popular American radio singer Blanche Thebom.

Opera sequences for the film were conducted by Dr. Peter Herman Adler, General Director of the American National Opera Project, and supervised by M.G.M. musical director Johnny Green.



4 DISCOURAGED by critics' initial cool reception, Enrico is comforted by Benjamin's daughter Dorothy (Ann Blyth).



5 OPERATIC success and eventual recognition from the critics comes to Enrico when, following Dorothy's advice, he sings to real opera enthusiasts seated in the gallery. He finds new satisfaction in their genuine appreciation.



6 PROPOSING to Dorothy when he returns from a highly successful European tour, Enrico is accepted by her. Happiness of their subsequent marriage is completed by the birth of a daughter.



7 FAME doesn't alter Enrico's policy of singing to the common people. Arriving at the opera house, it is not uncommon for him, ignoring possible results of overwork, to give an impromptu, stage-door recital for those who were unable to obtain seats.



8 ANXIOUS when Enrico develops a throat condition Dorothy implors him to reduce opera work. Refusing, he damages his throat and ends his career.



BASIC BOATER is banded with folded georgette swatches which can be quick-changed.

Evelyn Laye's HAT TRICKS

AAGE THAARUP, milliner to the Queen, designed sets of trimmings for each model he created for Evelyn Laye to bring to Australia. This means that the four basic hats can serve as 12 models. Evelyn Laye, lovely English stage and screen star, is now co-starring with her husband, Frank Lawton, at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne. Thaarup will visit Australia early next year before the Royal tour.



EVELYN LAYE chooses a multi-jewelled hatpin from her collection to fix veiling in place. The fine, jewel-studded, mesh veiling makes her basic leprechaun-green satin basin hat perfect for the late day. Compare this version of the hat with the one below centre.



FAVORITE THAARUP HAT brought to Australia by Evelyn Laye is this model in heavy satin designed on shovel lines. It has sequined veiling and is finished with a chignon.



LEPRECHAUN-GREEN satin basin hat designed for tailleurs is right for formal wear when draped with a georgette scarf.



PILLAR-BOX RED pirate's cap in softest fur felt can be worn untrimmed for every-day. Big gold rings dangling over the left ear are added for festive occasions.

THERE'S SO MUCH FOR EVERYBODY TO READ IN THIS MONTH'S A.M.



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- HULA GIRLS UNDER THE HARBOR BRIDGE
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Ceremonial hula flows in Australia's Little Tahiti.
- THIS AIN'T PEANUTS
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Our growers pick up £700,000 a year.
- ATOM MAGIC
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A new era opens in medicine and industry.
- LOAFERS' PARADISE
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Two reports on the scandalous waste at the Snowy River.
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- THE MARIHUANA GIRL COMES BACK
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She walked from jail to top billing in a film.

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A sizzled away aroused an omnium.
- AN AUSSIE GAVE GRIDIRON A KICK
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In America they still talk about his "impossible" goal.
- GUINS ARE SO SAFE!
by JAMES PRESTON 32
No revolver is accurate over 25 yards.
- BIG MONEY IN THEIR HANDS
by GEORGE MCGANN 36
Lady wrestlers are well paid for their cauliflower ears.

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The murder suspect couldn't remember—so he did.
- PEARL OF SHEBA
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She danced like a dream and behaved like a nightmare.

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- CARBINE AND THE LADY
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He had a racehorse and a female reformer on his hands.
- THE HARD WAY DOWN
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A surf champ is all at sea on the snow.

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A.M.

THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

New York lingerie designers have recently launched a sheath slip made in dress fabric. The slip eliminates the need for a blouse when worn under a suit.

THIS new idea solves the reader's problem below.

"WOULD you please tell me if it is correct dressing to wear a suit without a blouse? I was worried on this point because the jacket of my suit has rather long, low-cut revers."

Perfectly correct. However, as the jacket of your suit has low-cut revers, a "fill-in" will be necessary. My suggestion is sketched at right. It is a slim slip styled in a dress material. This idea comes direct from New York.

New hat angles

"I HAVE several hats from last season—one is a bonnet shape, one a sailor, and one a small kind of pillbox. Will they be good enough for this winter?"

Yes, they will. There is nothing terrifically new or regimented in the current hat silhouette—it's the way the hat is worn that is news. The level, straight-forward look is for street and suit wear, and as the day grows into evening a hat should be worn back to show the hairline.

Current sleeves

"WOULD you please tell me the correct type of sleeve for a winter topcoat?"

The sleeve you choose for your coat should to some extent be governed by the silhouette and design of the coat.

However, Paris designers have popularised the big, soft sleeve—with fullness ranging from the slight suggestion of a balloon shape tapering into a gathered wrist to a big, flaring sleeve that fans out wide over the elbow. The big, soft sleeves, whichever type you choose, should always spring from a soft, natural shoulder-line to give the correct balance and a non-bulky look to the silhouette.

Fur touches

"ARE fox furs still being worn? I wanted to buy myself one, but have not seen very much about them being fashionable."

Fox pieces are returning to fashion and are worn as the fashionable fur touch for both suits and dresses. The newest are drapable boas and stoles, reminiscent of the 'twenties. There are also quite a number of cape-stoles. Silver, black, and platinum fox are the newest colors being used. The following fashion note comes from New York: "Black fox is being worn with little black dresses and all-white accessories."

• If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



A SHEATH SLIP in dress material eliminates the need for a blouse.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"LILIAN." — Attractive square dance dress features an off-shoulder collar and wide trim on the full gathered skirt. The material is a cheek zephyr: cotton. Color choice includes green and white, sage-blue and white, red and white, brown and white, and navy and white. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 65/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 67/11. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 52/3.

"MARY-LOU"



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"MARY-LOU." — Square dance skirt and separate blouse. The blouse is obtainable in white organdie and has an attractive ric-rac trim. The skirt is available in summer breeze cotton. Color choice includes: pink, sage-blue, yellow, and light green, all printed with white spots. The garments cannot be obtained separately. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust and 36, 38, 40, and 42in. waist, 65/3; 36 and 38in. bust and 40 and 42in. waist, 67/11. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust and 36, 38, 40, and 42in. waist, 53/9; 36 and 38in. bust and 40 and 42in. waist, 56/3.

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Mrs. Sara knows the Quads are starting life in the best way with London nursery needs. And what baby wouldn't be contented in the Quads' London twin, Leathercloth Pramette! (Photo from the Australian Women's Weekly 17/2/51)



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 11, 1951



CAUGHT IN A CROWD during interval at the local theatre, she'll welcome your help in getting service. Next time you meet she'll say "Hello." The rest is up to you.

5 WAYS... to meet a girl

● The attractive girl who lives in your street or catches your bus is sometimes the hardest person in the world to meet. If you've hoped in vain for an introduction, here are five tactful ways of taking the initiative in meeting her.



GALLANT but simple gesture of helping her from the bus can be the beginning of friendship. Soon you'll have her company and get acquainted during the bus trip.



SATURDAY MORNING baskets are a burden. When you see her struggling with hers, don't be backward in offering to carry it home for her. She'll appreciate it.



BECOMING FRIENDLY with her young brother is a simple matter. Once you know him you'll find that the opportunity of meeting his sister arises quite naturally.



WHERE SHE LUNCHES should not be difficult for you to discover. But ask her permission before you join her and, when you do, don't offer to pay the first time.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 11, 1951

"Salon secrets from Innoxa"

How to look your best for a special occasion



You have an important "date," and, quickly, you must wipe away the tired little lines and look your radiant best! You're in luck, because a quarter of an hour is all you need to give your skin a quick, rejuvenating pick-up with Innoxa White Mask.

This unique facial spreads on like a smooth cream. You let it "set" for five or ten minutes, remove it with warm water and, surprise! Your skin looks smooth, clear, glowing! This facial really works wonders. It does not stretch the skin, but stimulates the tiny muscles and blood vessels which lie just beneath the outer surface. You get the benefit of an immediate improvement in your appearance, and, as well, Innoxa White Mask has a far-reaching tonic effect, as it supplies Vitamin D

to enrich your skin. In one jar there is sufficient for many facials, and there'll be dozens of times you'll be glad to have such an amazing "pick-up" for your complexion. Remember... White Mask is guaranteed not to stretch the skin.

Ask about White Mask wherever Innoxa Preparations are sold, including: N.S.W.: Harcourt Bros., Farmer's, Mark Foy's, Anthony Hardens', David Jones Ltd., F.C.; The Myer Emporium Ltd., Georges Ltd., Bell & Welch, O'LAND; Finney Isles, T. C. Belcher, J. Delahanty, Allan & Stark Ltd., S.A.: Charles Rick's, Miller Anderson's, The Myer Emporium (S.A.) Ltd., John Martin & Co. Limited, W.A.: Foy's, Bonas', T.A.S.: A. P. Miller, L. Abrahams, McKinnon Ltd.

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Beauty Point spun rayons, Hercules cottons, all guaranteed washable

You'll wash them again and again yet they'll never lose their garden-bright colours. Joshua Hoyle spun rayons and cottons are guaranteed washable, noted for wear. At this low price you'll want more than one to add variety and colour to your Spring wardrobe. Order early and when ordering, save time by using the coupon.

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33'11

WW1. Shirtmaker dress trimly cut from spun rayon in two colour-lit patterns. Over 9 colour ways, too, in sizes S.W. to E.O.S.



WW2. Attractively styled dirndl in the ever-popular bayadere pattern. Of spun rayon in 3 colour ways, sizes S.S.W. to W.



WW3. Young style in Hercules cotton with cool, bare neckline. In two designs in over 6 colour ways. Sizes S.S.W.-W.



WW4. Waist buttoning dress in spun rayon in two bayadere patterns and four gay colour ways. Sizes from W. to E.O.S.



WW5. Cotton sun dress in Picnic or Gondola design in seven colour ways. Jacket is included. Sizes from S.S.W. to W.



WW6. Roll collar dress in spun rayon. Design inspired by the Festival of Britain. 5 colour ways and sizes from S.S.W. to W.



WW7. Youthful style in a spun rayon in gay florals with 4 colour ways. You may order this in sizes S.S.W. to W.

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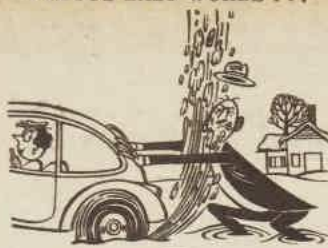
Destroy unwanted hairs permanently by the "Vanix" depilating treatment. "Vanix" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin. "VANIX" is priced at 4/10 a bottle (Postage 7/6) from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 112, George St., Sydney, and all branches: Washington H. Soul, Peitman & Co. Ltd. (All branches, Sydney and Newcastle); Myer Emporium, Melbourne and Adelaide; Swifts Pharmacy, 279 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Wundle St., Adelaide; and Roane Ltd., Perth.

For informative folder, mention this paper and write to "VANIX," Box 124, G.P.O., Melbourne.

the modern tonic



FAMOUS LAST WORDS . . .



"No, we don't need chains. It's easy to drive through this stuff if you know how."

BUTCH



"It looks like it'll keep up all night. I think they'll get sore if I ask if we can sleep in their guest-room?"

It seems to me

NOWADAYS it surprises me to return from a holiday and see from the air the lights of Sydney glittering. I am always afraid that Bunnerong powerhouse may have given a last wheezing gasp and collapsed in a rusty heap.

The blackouts, I was informed, were not quite so bad now. But never mind. There was plenty of dismal news. Had I brought butter? Did I think of packing any sugar? Did I know that tea might be scarce? And lamb chops had reached 6/6 a pound.

What, in fact, was I doing with a suitcase full of ancient holiday clothes which more profitably could have been thrown into the sea and replaced by groceries?

Anyone with a penn'orth of business sense could have made quite a nice discount on the plane fare back to this overcrowded and creaking metropolis whose economy appears to be even more strained at the seams than it was a month ago.

ON this holiday's record I had decided that in future the less said about fishing in this column the better.

In view of the picture on this page I should have liked to claim some triumphs, but it would be inaccurate. I might have borrowed, for photographic purposes, the six-and-a-half-pound jewfish which a woman on the beach showed to me just after she'd hauled it in on a light line wrapped on a bottle.

But we fishermen do have our standards, so I refrained. This picture merely proves that I tried, and kept on trying, heartened from time to time by such stories as that of the man who caught a three-pound bream using a piece of corned beef for bait.

These incidents were inspiring enough to make one rise before dawn and make for the beach before the birds were awake.

It was worth putting on three layers of garments and braving the cold early morning to see a winter sun rise over the sea, but it didn't provide any stories of catches to be told when the population gathered to await the bus that brought the mail.

ONE little tip I learned is worth passing on to any fisherman who hasn't thought of it.

Of the few strays that came the way of the lines belonging to our household we learned to say, when asked about size, "It made a meal for three."

There was an absent-minded flathead that took my hook one evening at dusk. It was true that it made a meal for three, and we did not think it was worth mentioning that the portions were rather small.

The result was that its size was estimated by those who heard about it according to the individual idea of a meal. And when someone said, "I hear you caught a big flathead," it seemed unnecessarily conscientious to deny its size.



Dorothy Drain

IN the holiday luggage this year was Joyce Allan's splendid book on Australian shells.

My favorite scenery has always been rocks and seashore, and Joyce Allan's book is the kind which adds enormously to the pleasure of staring at rock pools watching a periwinkle take a stately walk.

It is a great pity that nowadays the price of producing books on natural history with color plates makes them expensive for the average family, because they ought to be on the bookshelves in homes where there are children.

The scantest knowledge of the subject lays a foundation for interests that can be lifelong.

VYING with the shell book as a reference work was one on mothercraft which arrived in the luggage of a baby niece.

Soon, besides being able to identify a Coronated or Banded Helmet Shell, I was able to say, "I don't think the milk mixture is strong enough."

At first I modestly prefaced these comments by the words "It says here," but, meeting no opposition, it was no time before I developed the air of having reared a dozen children.

GETTING away from the holiday reminiscences and back to the facts of life, some Sydney grocers were making sales of butter conditional on the purchase of a pound's worth of groceries.

The Government said it would prosecute retailers making such sales. But how is the retailer to distribute his butter? True, it is tough to have to spend a pound to achieve some butter, but housewives ordering their week's groceries would be irked if casual shoppers had snapped up the butter.

Attempts to cope with the evils of shortages, which range from conditional sales to black market, don't achieve much. The only solution is more butter.

"WEARING a waistcoat indicates a conservative type or a lover of classical music," said a Continental tailor in Sydney recently.

Do I enjoy Beethoven, or vote for the Liberal Party?

Am I politically conscious, or inclined to be musically arty?

Aha! (said the waistcoat wearer, with fountain pens spread on his chest), This is the way, I consider, that a man is properly dressed.

You may guess if you like when you see me, arrayed in my three-piece glory. Am I true-blue diehard, or simply an ill Trova-Tory?

This passion for labels is modern, but they won't label me with the rest, My character's secret I'm keeping, safely tucked under my vest.

The NEW aspirin

NEUTRAL, SOLUBLE, PALATABLE

To most people, the words neutral and soluble mean little or nothing when applied to aspirin. But to doctors they are news when applied to a stable tablet made widely available. They mean the end of a research which has occupied many years.

Ordinary aspirin is acid (acetylsalicylic acid) and almost insoluble in water. Ordinary aspirin enters the stomach in the form of undissolved acid particles, which in susceptible cases, may produce gastric irritation resulting in heartburn and dyspepsia. Disprin, on the other hand, forms a substantially neutral, palatable solution. Because it is non-acid, it does not irritate the stomach lining. Because it dissolves completely, it is more rapidly absorbed and is therefore quick to give relief. Your doctor knows how important this is for your comfort and health.



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Easiest cake-making method of all ...

say beginners, good cooks, experienced cake-makers

SO EASY TO MAKE THIS BALLERINA CAKE

JUST "MELT'N'MIX" WITH COPHA!

EVOLVED in the Betty King Kitchen, this new, easy cake-making method was tested by hundreds of housewives ... good cooks, beginners, experienced cake-makers. All said "Wonderful, easiest cake I've ever made!" Thrill your family with this fine-textured delicious Ballerina cake. So easy when you simply "Melt'n'Mix" with Copha.

Ingredients: 4 ozs. Copha, 3 eggs, 5 tablespoons milk, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 8 ozs. self raising flour, 8 ozs. sugar.

Preparation: Grease and flour two 7" layer pans. Measure all ingredients carefully (milk and eggs should not be refrigerator-cold). Place everything except Copha, milk and half the sifted flour in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt: Place Copha in a saucepan, chop roughly, and melt over gentle heat. It should be barely warm, not hot, (test with your finger tip). Add measured milk to melted Copha.

And Mix: Pour the Copha and milk on to the other ingredients except half the flour and beat with a rotary beater for 5 minutes, or for 8 minutes with a wooden spoon. Add the remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer. Place in the prepared pans and bake in a moderate oven, 350°F gas, 30-35 minutes.

Frosting: Fill and frost with your favourite Chocolate Frosting.



Betty King's

Sensational Melt'n'Mix Method!



COPHA'S MELT'N'MIX CUP CAKES

(Grand for afternoon tea—for parties—when guests are coming!)

Ingredients: 3 ozs. Copha, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ pt. milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 6 ozs. sugar, 1 level teaspoon salt, 8 ozs. self raising flour, 1 oz. cornflour.

Preparation: Grease and flour patty tins. Measure all ingredients carefully (milk and eggs should not be refrigerator-cold). Place everything except Copha, milk, cornflour and half the sifted flour in a mixing bowl.

Now Melt: Place Copha in a saucepan, chop roughly and melt over gentle heat. It should be barely warm, not hot (test with your finger tip). Add measured milk to melted Copha.

And Mix: Pour the Copha and milk on to the other ingredients except half the flour and cornflour, and beat with a rotary beater for 5 minutes, or for 8 minutes with a wooden spoon. Add the remaining flour and cornflour and mix well. Place in greased tins and cook in a moderate oven, 400°F gas, 15 minutes. Leave plain or when cool ice and decorate as you wish.

- * No creaming
- * No egg beating
- * Only 1 mixing bowl needed.
- * Made with economical Copha shortening



NEW, EASY COPHA COOKLESS SUGGESTIONS

(Chocolate shells—delicious filled with ice cream or Mellah desserts. For parties, for "dressing-up" desserts).

Ingredients: 4 ozs. Copha, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted icing sugar, 1 heaped tablespoon cocoa.

Preparation: Sift icing sugar and cocoa into mixing bowl.

Now Melt: Place Copha in saucepan and chop roughly. Melt Copha over gentle heat. It should be barely warm, not hot (test with your finger tip).

And Mix: Add melted Copha to dry ingredients, combine well, and stand till cool and beginning to thicken.

Line paper patty cases up to about $\frac{1}{4}$ " in thickness with mixture and allow to set. When quite hard the paper cases may easily be torn away, leaving a complete case of chocolate.

Served filled with ice cream or chilled Vanilla Mellah.



COPHA... FOR ALL SHORTENING PURPOSES



Special dinner on luxury ship

The new Italian luxury liner M.V. Australia recently left Australian waters after completing her maiden voyage from Trieste, Italy.

TABLE decorations used at one of the official dinners given on board during her stay here included a model of the ship with a lighthouse in the background.

A stiff paste of over-cooked pureed rice was used to mould the ship and the lighthouse and the fish and the woman's head which decorated the trays of hors-d'oeuvres.

The colorful and artistic array of food set out in the ship's galley was very impressive.

Some of the simpler items may be prepared by anyone with an interest in fine cookery. Confections such as the spun-sugar violets which decorated the basket of Mignon dainties are better left to professional chefs.

LOBSTER BELLE VUE

Lobsters, tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs, olives, lemons, gherkins, parsley, mayonnaise.

Carefully remove lobster meat from body. Cut into even slices. Arrange two empty lobster cases on platter as illustrated, arrange sliced lobster meat on lower part in overlapping slices. Garnish platter with tomatoes, halved

hard-boiled eggs, olives, lemon sections, gherkins, and parsley. Serve mayonnaise separately.

FLORENTINE PASTRY DESSERT

Make a paste by mixing 8oz. butter, 6oz. sugar, 1 fresh egg-yolk, 2 hard-boiled egg-yolks which have been passed through a sieve, and 10oz. sifted plain flour. Knead this dough by hand and roll out into a thin layer. Cut into five circles $\frac{1}{2}$ in thick. Place on greased trays and bake in a moderate oven. Commencing with a layer of the cooked pastry, arrange pastry and cream in alternate layers. Cover completely with cream mixture. Decorate with Mignon dainties.

AUSTRALIAN MOTIFS

decorate covers of the menus used on Australia.



Cream: 4 egg-yolks, 2oz. sugar, 1oz. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk.

Stir all ingredients together over low heat until well thickened. Allow to cool.

ITALIAN HORS-D'OEUVRES

These were arranged on two large platters decorated with moulded fish and a very realistic model of a woman's head. The figures were moulded from a purée of overcooked rice sieved through a fine strainer. Food coloring applied with a fine brush gave a realistic finish to the moulded shapes.

Hors-d'oeuvres illustrated include Russian caviare, Roman artichokes in oil, green and black olives, small rolled anchovies, roe ham Saint Danielle, cucumbers in vinegar, green and red peppers baked in oil, sliced cooked carrot.

MIGNON DAINTIES

Chocolate Candied Cherries: Crystallised cherries are immersed in melted warm chocolate and then covered with chocolate sprinkles or chocolate shot.

Chocolate Hazel Nuts: One pound sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mixed nuts, egg-whites, jam, melted chocolate.

Grind nuts very finely, mix

LOBSTER BELLE VUE, Florentine Pastry Dessert, Mignon Dainties, and trays of Italian Hors-d'oeuvres made a colorful show when set out in Australia's galley by the two leading chefs who prepared the food for a special dinner which was given on board recently.



CLOSE-UP of Lobster Belle Vue reveals the perfect details of garnishing and serving which make the dish so impressive. A mound of pureed rice or mashed potato placed in the middle of the platter makes a good support for the lobster cases.

with sugar. Add sufficient slightly beaten egg-white to form a fairly hard paste. Roll small portions of paste into pellets about the size of a half walnut, and roast in a moderate oven. When cooked and cooled join two together with jam, then dip in melted chocolate. Allow to cool.

MINISTRONE

(Italian bean soup)

One rasher bacon, small quantity bacon fat, 1 small

onion, 2 leeks, 2 peeled, chopped tomatoes, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery, 1 carrot, 1 cup dried beans (soaked overnight in water to cover), piece of lean breast of pork, 6 cups boiling water, salt to taste, 1 cup chopped cabbage, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rice, 2 sprigs parsley, 2 sage leaves, $\frac{1}{4}$ clove garlic, grated cheese.

Brown diced bacon in bacon fat with chopped onion,

chopped leeks and tomatoes. Add celery, diced carrot, beans and pork. Fry 1 or 2 minutes longer. Add water and salt, cook gently 1 hour. Add more water if necessary, then cabbage. Simmer 15 minutes, stir in well-washed rice and cook 12 to 15 minutes longer. One minute before taking off fire add parsley, sage, and finely minced garlic. Serve topped with grated cheese.

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IN the corner there was a small chrome-legged kitchenette set with a plastic top and two bright red plastic-seated chairs. There was a single maple chest of drawers with a small white radio on top of it.

On the wall I saw a black-lacquer knick-knack stand. On the top shelf, all by itself, was the copper basket I had bought her at the Toll House.

"It's a nice room," I said. "You're a good housekeeper."

"Thank you, but don't call it a room. It's an apartment."

"Pardon me. I haven't seen the rest of it."

"There," she pointed.

I looked. It was a small alcove with a drape in front of it. I pushed the drape aside and went in. The room had a little half-window and a small white sink. There was a two-burner portable electric stove and a small electric refrigerator.

Off to the left was the bathroom.

"Cute," I said. Then I looked over the other corner of the room and saw the two suitcases with the initials H.D.

The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 9

"I'm ready, Sam," she said.

"All packed and latched."

I went over to her and took her hands. "It's one more day," I said.

"Anxiety came into her eyes. 'Something's gone wrong. I knew it.'"

"Nothing's gone wrong. There were too many loose ends to tie. I've been going around like mad, arranging things."

"When?" she asked. "When, Sam?"

"To-morrow morning," I promised. "Early."

"We'll never make it."

"Now stop it. Of course we'll make it. Look, I've got to see Mr. Fairchild now. Shall I see you to-night?"

"You'll have things to do."

I shook her gently by the shoulders. "Snap out of it. One more day and we're away."

"All right, Sam."

I hesitated. "I don't like you being alone to-night when you feel this way."

"Don't mind me," she smiled bleakly. "I'm only being silly."

again. I won't be alone to-night, Sam. I'm expecting somebody."

"Good. Go to sleep early, though. To-morrow morning we get away like a flash."

I drove over and saw Mr. Fairchild.

"I don't know that I blame you, Peck," he said. "A man has to make a try. Go to it, boy, and good luck. We'll mail you your final cheque."

"Thanks for letting me out."

"Well, go ahead, boy. If you ever need a letter or if you want your job back any time..."

"I won't be back," I said.

"That's the spirit," he said. I saw Fred in the evening.

Seven o'clock. He was waiting for me in the lobby of the Bay Hotel, and over a drink I told him my news.

He moved his glass slowly in his hand. "Going alone?"

"No. I'm taking Hope Desmond with me."

"She that girl you met?"

"Yes."

"Barbara spoke to me about her," he said. "I understand she's very beautiful."

"Marriage?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry I spoke like that about her. I didn't know."

"I understand, Fred."

"Good. Well—he raised his glass again—"the best of everything to the both of you."

I drank with him on that. "Thanks. No hard feelings?"

"No. Of course not."

We shook hands. His grip was hard and firm. He patted me on the arm.

"I'll leave my key with the superintendent," I said. "I have the rent paid up until the end of next month; when the lease expires, you know. You can do what you want with the furniture."

"Okay. I'll get over there to-morrow evening and make an inventory. When I get rid

Bread loaf wins £5

MANY people these days are interested in homemade bread—here is a simple recipe to try. It was sent in by Mrs. E. E. Cropper, 92 Becroft Road, Becroft, N.S.W., who wins this week's prize of £5.

Success depends on thorough kneading, correct rising, and keeping the dough warm but not too hot.

Overheating does not speed up rising process; it kills the yeast plant and actually stops rising.

Ingredients: Two pounds flour, 1 level tablespoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, 1 level teaspoon sugar, 1 level teaspoon flour, 1½ pints lukewarm water, extra flour.

Crumble yeast, sugar, and the teaspoon of flour into a bowl with 3 tablespoons of the water. Stir until smooth, cover, and leave 15 minutes. Sift the 2½lb. flour into large dry bowl, make a well in centre, and sprinkle salt around top of flour. When yeast has risen about three times its size, pour gently into well in flour. Fold in flour from sides, gradually adding lukewarm water. Knead on floured board until smooth, light, and elastic, adding extra sifted flour as required. Return to basin, cover with cloth, leave in warm place for 2 to 3 hours (cold weather takes longer), or until dough rises to three times its original size. Knead again, half by cutting quickly with warm knife. Knead until smooth. Place in greased tin 4in. x 8in. or larger, cover, and leave to rise about 1½ to 2½ hours or until three times the size. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) until lightly browned, 50 to 60 minutes. Gently ease bread from sides of tin; when cool enough to handle turn on to cooler.

of everything, I'll send you a cheque."

"There's no hurry," I said.

I left him standing there, tamping tobacco into his pipe, and went and telephoned Barbara.

"I'm really surprised," she said. "I wasn't sure you'd ever call again."

"You remember you said it was a modern world. I'm going to Los Angeles to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes. I thought I'd say good-bye."

"Oh." There was a pause.

"You could have rung before. I tried to get you several times, Sam."

"I've been pretty busy."

"You could have asked me again. Women have been known to change their minds. I'm not quite so stubborn as you, Sam."

"It never would have worked out, Barbara."

"Of course. I understand.

She's very beautiful, Sam. Where is she from?"

"I don't know, myself. You know, I like that Buz Swanson."

"Buz? Oh, yes. You'll write, Sam?"

"I'll write," I said.

"Good-bye, Sam dear."

My sister cried a little.

"I suppose I shouldn't," she said. "You're a grown man."

"Twenty-eight," I said. "I was afraid you wouldn't let me in to-night."

"You know I don't mean the things I say, Sam."

"I know."

George came in and shook hands solemnly. I kissed Pauline and the kids. I gave them the presents I had brought.

"I'll drop cards all along the way," I said. "And I'll phone as soon as I get there."

Then I left.

Please turn to page 48

LIVE, LAUGH AND BE HAPPY!

Delicious 'OVALTINE' will give you the energy and vitality you need.

REGULAR daily 'Ovaltine' will work wonders for you! It builds up the sparkling energy you need for a full, active life. 'Ovaltine' is made from rich barley malt, full cream milk and health-giving eggs...and it is fortified with extra Vitamins, Iron and Calcium. There is nothing like 'Ovaltine' to ensure fitness and energy all day and sound, restorative sleep all night. Quality has made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage. Buy a tin from your chemist or store and start drinking 'Ovaltine' today.

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SAVES TIME • MONEY • WORK

NEXT morning, I was at Croft Road early—8.40. I know exactly because I looked at my watch. All details of the trip had been attended to.

I was exhilarated. I couldn't get up the front steps fast enough. I thumbed Hope's bell long and hard. I hopped the narrow inside steps three at a time. I was upstairs in the semi-darkness of the hall.

The door was closed. I rapped on it twice. There was no answer. I rapped again, harder. I didn't like it at all. Then I turned the knob. The door was unlocked. I opened it and went in.

At first I thought I had made a mistake. Possibly I was in the wrong street or the wrong apartment. And for a second I thought I'd go out of the room again and make sure. Yet standing there looking at her, I knew it wouldn't work.

I remembered the Number 4

on the door panel outside, and the fibre mat on the floor under it, and there was the copper basket on the knick-knack stand. Familiar things, all of them. And I knew the girl would be there even if I came in a hundred times. She'd be hunched across the studio couch with her blond hair spilled untidily about her head.

She wasn't an attractive girl. Not that way. Not with a familiar dress that fitted too tightly. Not when she was a complete stranger to me. And not when she was dead.

I don't know how long I stood there, how much time passed. I remember coming nearer to her, and I remember touching her. The wrist was cool and there was no pulse.

No, it wasn't Hope. It wasn't anybody I had ever seen.

I dashed into the alcove. Into the bathroom. Out again. Nothing. Nobody. A body

The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 46

on a studio couch. And a pair of suitcases on the floor with the initials H.D. And the furniture—the same as yesterday. And the knick-knack stand on the wall.

The copper basket was still there, up on top. There was a little brown paper bag beside it, as though somebody had been going to take it along at the last minute.

I did a crazy, insane thing. I picked up the paper bag first. Read the label. There it was. Diamond Brand, Fairchild Brothers—as though that meant anything. I put the bag down again.

MY eyes kept returning to the couch. As though to force them away, I picked up the copper basket, but it slipped out of my fingers to the floor. It showed me how edgy I was. But it dragged my attention from the figure on the couch, and I sat down heavily.

I sat there a long time. I knew I had to find Hope. I had to find her before I did anything else—before I called the police or a doctor...

I began in that room of hers. The maple chest and closet were empty, except for a frock and short yellow coat, both strange to me.

The kitchenette. The refrigerator, connected and running. A half-bottle of milk, a small wedge of cheese, and a pat of butter. The sink. On the shelf above it, part of a loaf of bread in heavy waxed paper. Nothing else.

I went into the bedroom again. Hope's green coat was across the little table. There was a pair of black kidskin gloves in one of the pockets. Nothing else.

That left the two suitcases. I opened them both. Girl's

clothes, cheap, flimsy. Brush, comb, powder. Nothing else.

And a leather kit. The kit was small and black and had a metal clasp. I opened it. Tiny tools of shiny steel. Tweezers, screw-drivers with revolving, octagonal heads, pliers, and two shiny awls. All shapes and all sizes. All nestled in a plush lining.

I put the kit in my pocket. I went over to the door and opened it. The lock hadn't been tampered with. The door hadn't been forced.

I went out into the hall. I closed the door very softly. Then I tiptoed down the stairs.

Next door, on the front porch, a woman was shaking a mop vigorously. She looked at me disapprovingly and went inside. I got into my car and drove away.

The nearest large shopping centre was at Brookline Village. There was a small jewellery store not far from the centre. The store was old and antiquated, and the man behind the counter was old and antiquated, too. He held the kit in his hand and peered at it before answering me.

"Yes," he said. His voice was thin, ready. "It's a jeweller's kit."

"Would a girl have any use for it?"

"A girl?" He looked bewildered. "I don't know. Not unless she did watch repair. Not many girls do that kind of work. Always been a man's trade."

"How could I find her?"

He thought for a moment. "I'll tell you what you do."

You go to the Grant Company in the Jewellers' Building. Their salesmen call on every jeweller in metropolitan Boston. And they know everyone who works in the business. There being so few girls is going to make it easy. They'd kind of stand out."

Please turn to page 49

Needlework Notions

No. 854.—TENNIS FROCK

Smart tennis frock is cut out ready to make in white pique. Sizes: 32 and 34 in. bust, price 24/11; 36 and 38 in. bust, price 26/3.

No. 855.—APPLIQUE BREAKFAST CLOTH WITH MATCHING SERVETTES

A delightful breakfast cloth is available in green checked cambric with matching serviettes, and applique pieces traced ready to embroider. Measurements: Cloth, 45 in. x 45 in., price 7/11; serviettes, 11 in. x 11 in., price 1/3.

No. 856.—GIRL'S TUNIC

This trim tunic is cut out ready to make in navy British headcloth. Sizes: Length 27 in., 8 yrs., price 17/3; length 31 in., 10 yrs., price 17/11; length 34 in., 12 yrs., price 18/9; length 36 in., 14 yrs., price 19/6.



No. 857.—GIRL'S SCHOOL BLOUSE

Smart blouse for the schoolgirl is cut out ready to make in white cotton haircord. Sizes: 8 yrs., price 11/11; 10 yrs., price 12/11; 12 yrs., price 13/9; 14 yrs., price 14/11.

When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a note of the colour shown. A 1/1 Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

Send your orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 54. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

Beauty in brief:

Care for beauty aids

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Spanking-clean beauty adds double the efficiency of the preparations you use as well as raising your morale. Here are some easy-to-follow suggestions for keeping various items beyond reproach.

● Brushes used for eye or lip make-up should afterwards be cleansed by dipping into witch-hazel for a few seconds. Wipe dry on a pad of cottonwool and keep free from dust until next use.

● Eyelash curlers need regular cleaning to prevent the rubber edges from retaining mascara or cream. This may be done by moistening a piece of cottonwool with peroxide, witch-hazel, or alcohol (if available), and rubbing it over the rubber strips.

● Decorative hair-combs need the same care you give utilitarian combs and brushes. Wash them after each wearing in warm, soapy water, rinse, and allow to dry overnight.

● Two toothbrushes are given as minimum cleansing equipment. By alternating them in daily use, brushes dry out and bristles remain firm longer. Another firming trick is to sprinkle brushes with salt after rinsing in cold water.

DO YOU KNOW?

Dusky maidens DEFY ancient custom!

PROUD OF THEIR FLASHING WHITE TEETH—GIRLS OF THE BALA BATONGA TRIBE OF NORTHERN RHODESIA REBELLED AGAINST TRIBAL CUSTOM OF KNOCKING OUT FRONT TEETH! KOLYNOS MAKES YOU PROUD OF YOUR SMILE. KEEPS YOUR MOUTH SWEET AND FRESH FOR HOURS.

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KOLYNOS CUTS YOUR DENTIFRICE BILLS CLEAN IN HALF! ONE TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS AS LONG AS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. THIS MEANS MONEY SAVED FOR OTHER THINGS! SO HIGHLY CONCENTRATED—HALF AN INCH AFTER MEALS STOPS DENTAL DECAY.

FIGHTS DECAY BETTER...TASTES BETTER...LASTS LONGER!

I EASILY located the Jewellers' Building. It was long and narrow, wedged in between two chain stores. I went up in the elevator to the tenth floor. The gold lettering on the glass door said: GERANT COMPANY.

"I'd like to see one of your salesmen, please," I asked the girl at the counter inside. "One who calls on the trade outside."

"You'll want Mr. Bork. Just a minute."

She went out back. I waited. A small grey man came out.

"I have a kit that belongs to a jewellery worker," I said. "I was told you could locate her."

"Her?"
"Yes. It's a girl. Her name is Hope Desmond. She's not listed in the telephone directory. She hasn't been in Boston very long."

"A newcomer? Let's see." He rubbed his chin reflectively.

The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 48

tively. "Desmond? Desmond?" He snapped his fingers. "Oh! Yes! Blonde. Very pretty?"

"Yes."
He chuckled. "There are only a half-dozen girls doing watch repair in the city. But it wouldn't make any difference if there were a thousand. That's how this Desmond stands out. Good worker, too, Ostrowski tells me."

"Ostrowski?"
"Yes. That's who she works for. Cambridge Jewellery Company, Massachusetts Avenue. Can't miss it. I'll tell you what. I'll be there this week and I can drop it off for you."

"No, thanks. I'd rather do it myself."

"I see what you mean," He smiled. "I wish I was young again and something like that was around. Hey, there's another thing. Ostrowski has kind of cornered the market. Has two girls working there. The other is only a beginner. Doesn't hold a candle to the Desmond girl."

"I'm only interested in Miss Desmond."
He snickered. "Can't say that I blame you. Good luck to you, young fellow."

"Thanks," I said. "I may need some."

There were gilt, flaking letters that said CAMBRIDGE JEWELLERY COMPANY. The sign was old and warped. The single window was crammed with costume jewellery, alarm clocks, and a few religious pieces. I opened the door and went inside.

The man behind the counter was short and bald. "Mr. Ostrowski?" I asked. He nodded.

"I'm looking for Hope Desmond. Does she work here?"
"No more. She quit to get married."

"Would you know where she came from. Her hometown?"

His eyes grew suspicious. "Why the questions?"

"I have a kit belonging to her. I wanted to return it." "I can give you her Boston address."

"I've been there. She's gone."

"Left already?"

"Yes. But she could have gone to her home-town first. Where did she come from?"

"Some place in the western part of the State. I don't remember the name." He bent down and rummaged behind the counter. As an afterthought he added, "Maybe Dora Gradiška would know."

"Who's she?"

"The other girl who works here. She isn't in now."

"Home?"

"No, not there either. She has a furnished room. I telephoned this morning. I'm afraid a little."

"Why?"

"This Dora, she's a Polish refugee. I took her in and guaranteed her job. She's not so good with English. She and Hope were good friends. That Hope's a fine girl, teaching her things all the time. Then Hope tells us she's leaving and she's going to sub-let her apartment to Dora."

"She calls Dora up yesterday afternoon and tells Dora to come straight from work. So Dora goes. I ain't seen her since. I try to call the place this morning, but there's no telephone."

"What does this Dora look like?"

"You know how girls are," he said. "Dora tries hard to copy American ways. Bleached her hair. She's a big girl."

"Did she have a short yellow coat with big buttons?"

"That's her. You seen her?"

"I'm not sure," I said. "Something funny's going on," he said worriedly. "Last week a man calls up and asks is Hope Desmond working here. I say yes."

I reached over and pulled him towards me. "What man?"

"Don't get excited, mister." He was startled and a little frightened. "I don't know what man. I ask him and he hangs up. I tell Hope and she gets scared something terrible. Now Dora is gone. It's something funny, all right. Maybe the police should know."

"Not yet," I said. "I'd wait. This Dora could be out doing some shopping for her new place."

"She would have called me,"

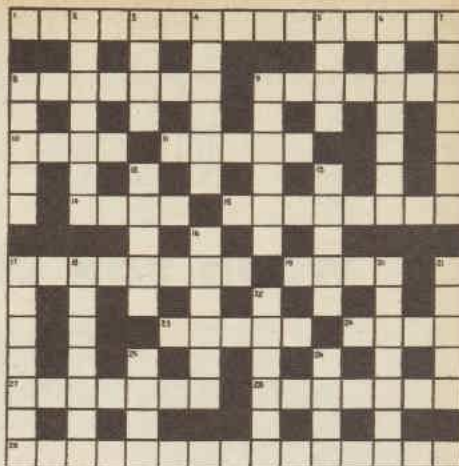
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Bathed white brat (Anagr. 4, 5, 8).
- Go about idly and gets devious (7).
- More inexperienced to be found at the University (7).
- Thus on shortly (4).
- Mother or I come from New Zealand (11).
- Notice on both sides (4).
- I tag five (Anagr. 4, 1, 3).
- Fifty starts these crustaceans (8).
- Merciless king I am (4).
- Do away with this horseman (13).
- This band on a wheel sounds as it could make weary (4).
- Such fruits carry a whole range in them (7).
- French friend take off something for a Bedouin (1, 2, 3).
- To cultivate such blooms you must have the gift of the gab (7, 2, 8).

GOLDENMEAN S D
O F E O L S T R O P
B E D O F K O S E E F
Y R O R W S T U F F
T R I E R I E N E
H N T N P N A D I R
E L A N E G R E S S O A R
S U B E R
O F L A T E N T L E D A
A L I V E R E O U R I
R N I V E A M E R S O N
D O D G E P E A O Y
Y R P E R S E C U T E D
H A I D Z I O A
L T P E R S O N A L L Y

Solution to last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Two formal acknowledgments of debt are tiresome (7).
- It comes from malt but not a Maltese (4).
- Dutch navigator who can act as human being after tea (6).
- Horny animal turns in a marsh plant (4).
- A field in the foliage of a forest tree (3-4).
- Conceal with a garment on it (7).
- Lemonade is made that way (5).
- Such acid can be found in ants (6).
- Australian capital city (5).
- Rends mostly organs (5).
- Disraeli on the screen (6).
- Begin starting with a heavy metal (4, 3).
- Color a look for this animal (7).
- A month's extremity of the earth axis for dancing round it (1, 4).
- She begins an armful of corn-stalk (5).
- On the part of somebody he divided into two (6).
- Amorous glance in a loge (4).
- Lame walk a Chinese mile before a politician (4).

TAHITIANS IN SYDNEY

THERE is a tiny corner of Tahiti beneath the Sydney Harbor Bridge. It is the Polynesian Club, where visiting South Sea Islanders gather once a week.

The main attraction at Little Tahiti is 18-year-old Jeanette Christian, great - great - great granddaughter of Fletcher Christian, leader of the Bounty mutineers.

White ginger blossoms in her hair, and a lei round her neck, Tahiti-born Jeanette dances a hula.

An A.M. photographer who saw Jeanette's hula at the Polynesian Club has made a movement-by-movement pictorial record of the dance.

His series of pictures, with an explanation of the meaning of each movement, is a feature of the July issue of A.M.

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Prepare For The Worst

Continued from page 13

EVELYN went to her husband's side. "Herbert," she said, "a joke is a joke, but this has gone too far. Get that cow out of here!"

"I can't," Herbert said. "I've already paid for her."

Evelyn went into the house, the panicky feeling rising in her heart again.

Seen through the window, her husband's act of rebellion was not mad, but quite brave. Maybe he was crazy, but the inventor of the H-bomb was crazier still. A cow could upset Brookbyrn terribly, but not half as much as a bomb.

For a moment it seemed to her that Herbert was the only sane person left in the world.

She watched uneasily as Roanie was unloaded.

A crowd collected almost at once, and when Roanie saw all those people she was stricken with stage fright. She refused to come out of the truck.

It was Bobby, her son, who dimpled up and twisted Roanie's tail. The cow let out a squall and came out, scattering the crowd.

When the crowd returned, Roanie was contentedly lurching on Herbert's deep lawn. All hands turned to, and within an hour a makeshift stable had been constructed for her at the back of the garage.

Evelyn's curiosity got the better of her, and she came out at last.

All the neighbors were just people like themselves, she realised. There was something almost pathetic in the way they struggled to get close enough to lay hands on Roanie. The touch of her seemed to do something to them—something reassuring, as though all were not yet lost.

An exception was Mr. Ammisteed, across the street. Mr. Ammisteed was the neighborhood's self-appointed lawyer.

It was he who pointed out that possession of a cow violated the council regulations. There was nothing personal in his attitude, he wanted it known. He objected on principle.

"Suppose we decide to keep her?" Evelyn snapped.

"I'm afraid I'd have to file a complaint. Nothing personal."

"And where'll you file it if the municipal building is blown off the map?" Evelyn said fiercely. "You let our cow alone!"

"Why, Mrs. Snyder—" "Just let her alone! And when the worst comes to the worst you get your little pitcher and line up with the rest, if you want any milk."

Defeated, Mr. Ammisteed went back to his house. The consensus was that he had spoken out of turn. Somehow, Herbert had been able to convey to these neighbors the apprehension that had moved him to do this strange thing.

Meanwhile, Roanie munched a path across the lawn and started back, guided by the loving hands of dozens of volunteers. Her cutting job was not so smooth as Herbert's, but it would compare favorably with Bobby's.

It was an hour before Evelyn remembered her daughter and the temperamental crisis precipitated by the quarrel with Freddie. She ran back into the house and found Laurel stretched out on the bed, staring at the ceiling. "I thought you'd be gone by now," Evelyn said, with a sigh of relief.

Laurel swung one of her long, lovely legs idly. "Tomorrow. I suppose it's safe to stay here another night. That creature didn't say anything about coming back this evening, did he?"

"Freddie? He swore we'd never see him again."

"Well," said Laurel, "that's one thing to be thankful for."

Evelyn said nothing, because words wouldn't help. What the child needed was a feeling—a sense of safety—something that would make her drop her guard.

The cow's eyes, serene and peaceful, came back to her. Who called them dumb animals? The look in Roanie's eyes proved she had all the answers.

Evelyn was peeling potatoes in the kitchen when Herbert came in, several hours later. Darkness was falling, and little by little the crowd had dispersed. Roanie, gorged on grass, had been tied in the makeshift stable.

Evelyn faced her husband determinedly. "I'm worried about Laurel. I'm afraid this is hurting her a lot."

"What's hurting her, the cow?"

"No, Freddie."

Herbert studied his nails, an attitude his wife knew meant he was leading up to something. "Getting towards milking time," he said.

"Well, go milk, then!"

"But isn't that a woman's job? You hear so much about milkmaids—"

"And milkmen."

"I merely thought you might enjoy it," he said with dignity.

"You mean you don't know how to milk her. Well, neither do I, and I don't intend to learn. This was your idea. So it's your milking time."

DEFEATED, Herbert took a large pan and went out. Through the window she saw him stink across the yard, hiding the pan under his coat.

Laurel came into the kitchen, looking sullen and somewhat frightened.

"What did Freddie want this time?" she asked.

"What do you mean, this time?" Evelyn said.

"Why," Laurel said, "wasn't that his car that stopped out in front while you were arguing with Daddy? Mother, I'll die if he sees that silly cow!"

Evelyn went to the front door and looked out. The pile of junk called a car sat at the kerb, but of Freddie she saw no sign. She took off her apron and handed it to her daughter.

"Put the chops and potatoes on," she said grimly. "Your brilliant father has probably already kidnapped Freddie, but I'll see what I can do."

She went straight to the stable. The door was closed, but as she approached it she heard Freddie's voice.

"Of course you can't get any milk, Mr. Snyder," he was saying. "She's not fresh yet."

"I know," said Herbert. "That's what Mr. Keeley said. By the way, what does the term mean?"

"Look, Mr. Snyder," Freddie said respectfully, "I was brought up on a farm. A cow doesn't give milk, see, until she's had a calf. That's what's meant by 'coming

fresh.' You can't get milk until after her calf is born, but by the looks of things it won't be more than an hour or two."

"But she can't have a calf here in Brookbyrn!" Herbert cried. "Anyway, it's not supposed to be for a week yet."

"You can't tell about these things, Mr. Snyder. It won't be long now. I'll stick around, if you like."

Long silence. Then: "Say, Mr. Snyder, I'd like to bring up one thing, if you don't mind. Laurel says you disapprove of my car. I'd like to say I outgrew it long ago, but if a man's trying to settle down he's got to save money, see? That's why I haven't traded the old bus in."

"Bother the car. What's happening to Roanie?"

"Easy, easy," Freddie soothed. "She knows what to do."

Evelyn returned to the house, shaking her head. Men got together on the strangest matters. Still, she was grateful to Roanie, whose peaceful presence brought Herbert and Freddie to terms.

Laurel was turning the chops with the proud air of a queen ordering a boy-friend beheaded.

"Laurel, do you know what your Romeo is doing out there? He's helping Roanie have a calf!"

Laurel dropped the fork. Her eyes met her mother's and suddenly both of them screamed with laughter.

In Washington, Moscow, London, Paris—in all the capitals of the world—sombre men with furrowed brows were asking one another whether it would be peace or war. In Brookbyrn, Herbert Snyder, the rebel, was asking only whether it would be a he or a she.

And if frustration existed anywhere, Evelyn decided as she hugged her tearful, laughing daughter, it was not in the Snyder stable.

In a little while Evelyn saw Bobby career through the yard.

"We got a calf! We got a calf!" he bayed at the top of his voice. "Roanie had a calf and it's a red bull! Hey, everybody, we got a new calf!"

Evelyn saw Freddie coming towards the back door. She suddenly decided she had business in the dining-room. And in a little while she smelled the chops burning, so she knew everything was all right.

She gave them plenty of time. Too much, she realised suddenly. She had forgotten all about Herbert.

She went out to the stable and opened the door. "Herbert," she called softly.

No answer. Roanie turned her gentle face and looked down at her side. Evelyn patted her velvety flank. They understood each other, she and Roanie.

But there was no sign of Herbert. Something tugged at her heart. Herbert had been so queer lately. So moody and silent and depressed.

A dim light gleamed through the drawn blinds of the living-room. She entered softly. Herbert was sitting on the edge of his chair before the television set. He did not look up.

The cycle was over. The world, leaking hot oil, but still clanking along, had made one more steep grade. The H-bomb seemed very remote and trivial.

(Copyright)

TEENA *hilda terry*



ARIES (March 21-April 20): If your boy-friend or girl-friend stands you up on July 11, be patient. There is a reasonable explanation, and July 13 should find you all smiles again.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): So you want to make a noise like a business executive and run the whole show! You can do it provided all arrangements are left in your hands. You may even improve on the original plan. July 13 for a triumph.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Maybe you have solved the problem of perpetual motion. You may appear to perform the famous Gemini feat of being in two places at once. In any case, you'll have plenty of fun on July 14.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): You're nearing the finish line; put on an extra spurt—you'll be declared the winner. Never mind competitors now, keep your eye on the goal. July 14 should bring happiness.

LEO (July 23-August 22): You are climbing a hill, and the view from the top is luring you on to greater effort, but you'll find it easy to stub your toe. Don't be discouraged by setbacks on July 12.

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As I read the Stars

By EVE HILLIARD

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): The delicate blossoms of a Virgo romance are easily crushed. Label "fragile" and handle with care. Some of you are drifting gently into the happiest days of your life. The week-end of July 13-14 favors the gradual growth of love.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Influences below the surface are working in your favor, but you must give them time. You may unconsciously have a friend at court who can further your interests. Financial prospects should be bright. Let July 10, 11, and 12 roll off you like water off a duck's back.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): If you yearn for travel or a change, your longings may be fulfilled. Get shipshape for a cruise into uncharted waters. A first blast of the whistle on July 13.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): July 16 is a day for crazy schemes and crack-brained propositions. Everybody wants to let you in on the ground floor. They are positive it's a dead cert. Follow it and you'll end in the cellar with a pocketbook that has passed out.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): "He travels the fastest who travels alone" is a Capricorn slogan, but it can take you along a lonely road with little to cheer you on your journey. Accept well-meant offers of companionship on July 14, although you feel it condescension on your part.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): If your hopes are dashed on July 10, if you resent the advancement of others less qualified, bide your time. He who has the last laugh may well be an Aquarian on July 13, with a bigger plum than the one tried for and missed.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Have you climbed out on a limb, or stepped on a rolling stone, or walked across two planks looking down at the distant water and wondered how it would feel to fall in? Play safe on July 16; the thrill isn't worth the worry.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are in the Polar regions with **MUNDEN:** An explorer. While Mandrake and Munden fly over the icy wastes searching for a jewelled city, Narda is abducted by the Polar Bear

Pirate. Mandrake rescues her and takes the Pirate back to the ship as a prisoner. Narda and Mandrake set out again to explore the surrounding area and find a fainting girl. As they revive her she tells them of the mysterious ice demons. **NOW READ ON:**



"THAT IS MY VILLAGE, BUT I CANNOT GO BACK!" SAYS THE GIRL, WHOSE NAME IS TEEMAH. "SEE, MY PEOPLE WILL KILL US ALL—THEY THINK YOU ARE THE ICE DEMONS!"



MANDRAKE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY—THE NEAREST SPEAR MAN SUDDENLY SEEMS TO CONGEAL IN A GIANT BLOCK OF ICE!



TEEMAH RUSHES TO AN ELDERLY MAN. "FATHER, THESE ARE NOT THE DEMONS. HE IS A WIZARD FROM THE OUTSIDE LAND WHO SAVED ME!" THE MAN LOOKS AT HER SADLY.



"YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE RETURNED, TEEMAH," HE TELLS HER. "NOW THE DEMONS—UNDER-THAT ICE WILL COME TO DESTROY OUR VILLAGE AND ALL OF US."



IN THE HUT OF TEEMAH'S FATHER, MANDRAKE AND NARDA HEAR OF THE ICE-DEMONS. "THEY LIVE BENEATH THE ICE. NO MAN HAS EVER SEEN THEM AND LIVED. EACH DAY WE LEAVE FOOD OFFERINGS AT THE ICE-HOLES."



"ONCE A YEAR, EACH VILLAGE MUST LEAVE A GIRL AT THE ICE-HOLE. SHE'S NEVER SEEN AGAIN. ONCE A VILLAGE FAILED TO DO THIS—"



"IT WAS DESTROYED IN THE NIGHT, DOWN TO THE LAST CHILD AND DOG! TEEMAH MUST RETURN TO THE STAKE BEFORE SUNDOWN, IF WE ARE TO BE SAVED!"—AND AS THEY DRAG OFF THE FRIGHTENED GIRL—



"WAIT! MUST IT BE A GIRL?" CRIES MANDRAKE—"A GIRL OR A MAN," REPLIES THE FATHER HOPELESSLY. "THEN I'LL GO IN TEEMAH'S PLACE! I'M CURIOUS TO MEET THESE ICE-DEMONS!" SAYS MANDRAKE.

TO BE CONTINUED

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F6464.—Prettily styled dress for teenagers. Sizes 12, 14, 16, and 18 years. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/6.



F6463



F6464



F6465

F6465.—Slim one-piece has unusual sleeve and neckline detail. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/6.

F6467.—Smartly designed one-piece and contrasting bolero jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material for dress and 1½yds. 54in. material for bolero. Or 3½yds. 36in. material for dress and 2½yds. 36in. material for bolero. Price, 3/6.



F6466



F6467



F6468

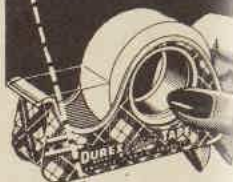
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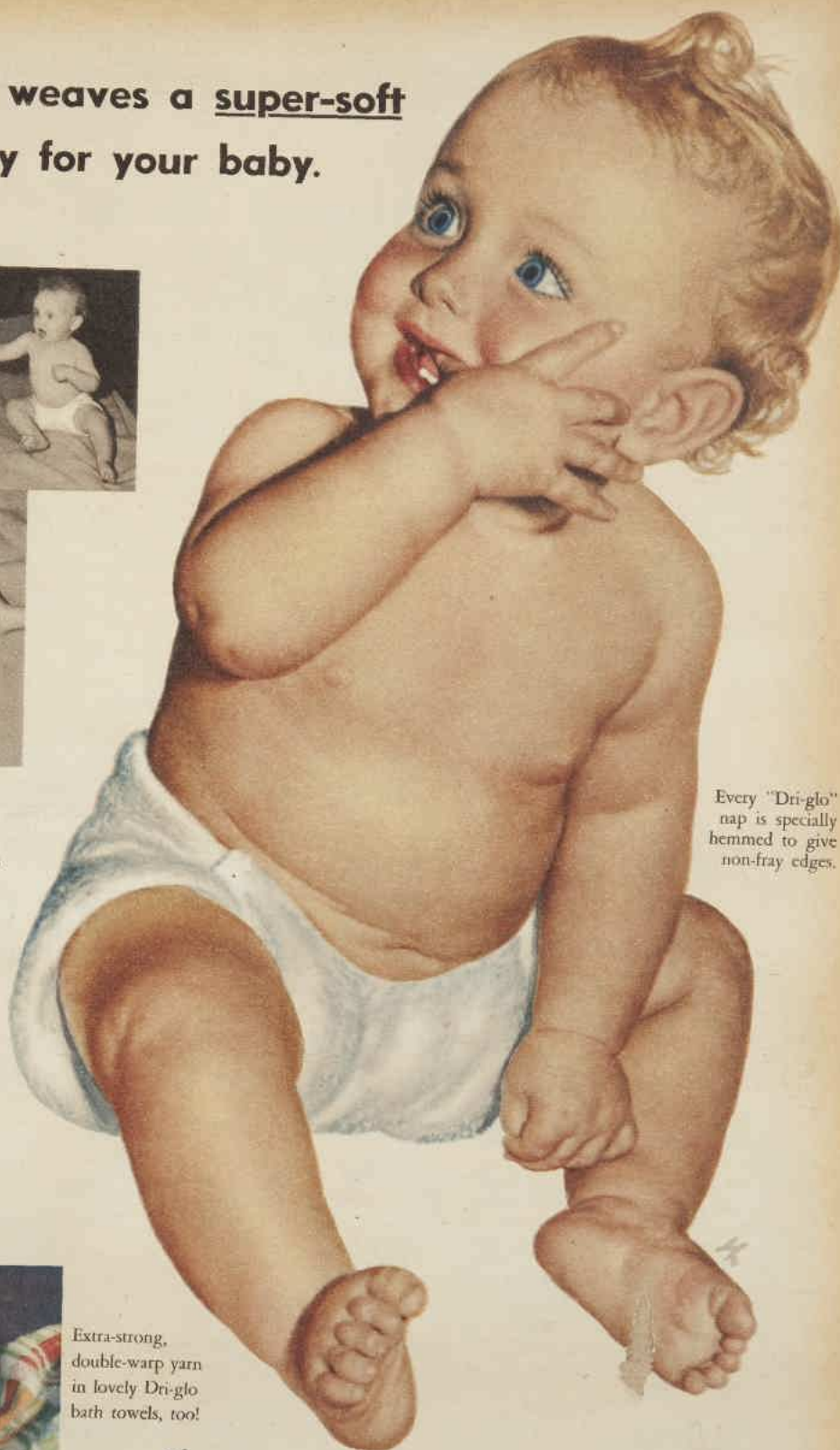
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Grazes, Blistered Heels.
Made in England by Portland Plastics Ltd.



**Dri-glo weaves a super-soft
nappy for your baby.**



Every "Dri-glo"
nap is specially
hemmed to give
non-fray edges.

Dear Mother,

Feel our Dri-glo nappies in any store. Your own fingers will tell you better than any words of ours that here are the softest, most cushiony and absorbent naps that you can put on baby. Only our finest, super-quality cotton yarns are good enough for *His Majesty*... all beautifully bleached, 100% hygienic. And we haven't forgotten washing quality. Dri-glo naps are woven in extra-strong, double-warp yarn with a special non-fray edge.

Dri-glo also makes special super-soft nursery towels

Extra-strong,
double-warp yarn
in lovely Dri-glo
bath towels, too!



"Dri-Glo" nappies

Available at stores throughout Australia

For Everyone's Table



There is no Substitute for Quality.